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CROMWELL DOOLAN;

OR,

LIFE IN THE ARMY.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF

“ECHOES FROM THE BACKWOODS,” &c. &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD RANCLIFFE,

&c. &c. &c.

THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE DEDICATED

BY

HIS AFFECTIONATE NEPHEW,

THE AUTHOR.

James Ray 25 Oct 56 Edwards = 20

CROMWELL DOOLAN ;

OR,

LIFE IN THE ARMY.

CHAPTER I.

Let Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betrayed her ;
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,
Which he won from her proud invader :
When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,
Led the red-branch knights to danger,
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

TOM MOORE.

LOUGH DEREVERRAGH, or the Lake of Donore, as it is sometimes called, is a noble sheet of water in the County of Westmeath, and has long been celebrated for the quality of its fish, and for their peculiar gameness in taking

the fly ; so much so, that when the May-fly appears upon it, some fifty or sixty boats may be daily seen, each containing two or three anglers, intent upon the destruction of the wily trout ; the more sportsman-like endeavouring to entice them to the surface by an artificial imitation of the green drake, whilst others, the greater poachers, endeavour to succeed by impaling a couple of live drakes *dos-à-dos* on a small hook, and, by the aid of a gossamer-like line of floss silk, gently conduct the unfortunate and writhing flies over the greedy trout. We have, however, no wish to enter into any dissertation on angling, the public having been quite overwhelmed, of late, with theoretic books upon an art which, like most others, is to be acquired by practice alone.

The upper end of Lough Dereverragh is divided into two branches, by the bold and wooded hill of Knock Ross, which, feathered down to the water's edge, presents a mass of

stunted oak, hazel, and mountain ash,—at the end of May and early in June, thickly interspersed with magnificent hawthorns, loaded with blossom, in grand contrast to the early greens of summer; these, on a calm day, may be seen reflected, in swimmy faithfulness, on the dark and deep bosom of the waters beneath; here and there a rock breaks the line of wood, in particular one known as the “White Rock.” In the “after season,” and when the scarlet berries of the mountain ash have taken the place of the snow-like hawthorn, if the angler does not rise a fish under that rock, he may as well put up his tackle, return his flies to his book, and row his boat to shore.

The southern branch of the lake is bounded by Knock-Body, likewise covered to the water’s edge with wild coppice-wood: here the holly predominates, whilst the Crooked Wood, a fine undulating mass of oak, birch, and holly, closes in this arm of the lake to the eastward. Knock-Ion, the most lofty hill in Westmeath,

towers in perpendicular height seven hundred and seven feet above all. This likewise is clothed, for three parts of its height upwards, with the same description of wild wood ; all being, at the season at which we have chosen to introduce the reader to this beautiful lake, carpeted with blue-bells, primroses, and wood anemonies. The “busy bee” has commenced her labours for the approaching winter, and that short-lived ephemera, the May-fly, hangs in countless thousands upon every stone, bulrush, or reed, on the leeward shore. Theirs is indeed but a short existence ; the same evening they fade and become grey. Hatched at the bottom of the lake, by the increasing warmth of the water, they rise to the surface, extricate themselves from their filmy cradle, and fly forth—a prey to the greedy trout, which race at them, and take them down in thousands as they get entangled in the streaks of froth. What a subject for the philosopher is the brief existence of this same ephemera ! Were we disposed to

moralize, we might say that, in comparison with eternity, and with many of the wonderful works of the Almighty, our own existence on this earth may be but as that of the May-fly appears to us.

But the day is fine ; the sun shines ; the surface of the lake, otherwise as smooth as glass, is broken into continual rings by the splashing of the trout. The anglers' rods are standing upright in either end of their boats ; the floss-silk line hangs *straight* ; there is not even sufficient air stirring to float out the poaching "dap." Parties are rowing in all directions towards the rude stone piers, or landing-places, along the different shores of the lake ; some, to await a change in the day ; others, to discuss the contents of well-filled baskets—cold fowls, tongues, mayonnaises of chicken ;—to "blow a cloud" (there is not one in the heavens), or to listen to the witty jokes of the boatmen. But, hark ! a strain comes along the waters : it is one of the most beautiful of Erin's own beautiful

melodies, exquisitely played upon the cornopean. All are attentive—

On Lough Neagh's banks, as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining.

But we are digressing fearfully : it is time to demand pardon, and to proceed with the description of Lough Derraverragh, and once more to return to Knock-Ion.

Far up in the face of the hill, and marked by a single tree of larger growth, and parts of a naked rock jutting forth from amongst the rich foliage, is a thickly-covered recess, up to which, from the water's edge, is a narrow, steep, shingly and tangled path ; in the embowered recess, and under the great tree, is the Holy Well, held in great repute by the Roman Catholic peasantry for its miraculous efficacy in the cure of various disorders ; while that which appears from the lake as a rock, is, in reality, the remains of a her-

mitage, erected in olden times of ascetic practices, the retreat of a holy man. This place is called, St. Coragh's Well. Tradition assigns to St. Coragh the reputation of having been a great sinner; he was Abbot Superior of the Monastery of Kells, in the county of Kilkenny, and, the monks having been expelled and the monastery dilapidated, the chief sinner wandered forth to find a place suited to a course of self-denying penitence. At length he reached Knock-Ion Hill, and fixed upon this lone, dreary and difficult spot, to pass the remnant of his days in prayer and penance. Upon the more accessible shore of Knock Ross, he erected, with his own hands, a chapel, wherein he officiated and heard confessions, crossing the arm of the lake, morning and evening, whenever the weather permitted, in a boat, formed by himself, of a cow's hide.

Following the north shore, we come to a bold point overlooking every part of the lake; on this eminence, in olden times, stood a baronial castle,

whose embattled towers once displayed the pennants and banners of Mortimer, Earl of March, who lost his life in battle with the chief of the O'Briens, when representing the person and powers of his weak and unfortunate master, Richard II.

This castle, which covered, including its area, more than an acre of ground, was surrounded by a deep ditch, and, judging from the lines of its foundations, it was on the plan, and could not have been much, if at all, inferior in magnitude to the Castle of Trim. Not many years ago, a considerable portion of the ruins was standing, but was pulled down, and the stone carried away to build the cottages of the peasantry.

Continuing along the same shore, we arrive at the point of Kiltoom, a green, park-like promontory, studded with hawthorns, and terminating, lakeward, in boulders, amongst which lie the finest trout. From this point the lake expands in width, one end terminating in a

bight closed by the woods of Coolure. The long green point of Derragh is then turned, and the Inny, a sluggish river, finds its way into the lake, washes the Clonave shore, and flows on to mingle its waters with those of the Shannon.

Directly in front of Clonave is the beautiful demesne of Donore; and now, having made the tour of the lake, we are at the village of Multifarnham, a small hamlet situated on the River Gaine, about half a mile above the point where that alternately sluggish, alternately dancing stream, terminates its course, and sinks all further trace in Lough Dereverragh.

On the right bank of the River Gaine, and about a mile above the village of "Multy," stands the rock of Tyfarnham, bold and imposing. From this the Lords of O'Neil took their title of Earls of Tyfarnham.

The family of the O'Neil was one of the few which could boast of a pure Milesian descent; they had been Earls of Tyfarnham for many generations; and it was with no little pride that

the last Lord would point out to his visitors a picture which hung in his hall, representing an ancestor, Dermod O'Neil, (one of the most powerful of the red-branch Knights of Ulster)—armed with a battle-axe, his head bare, and hair flowing on his shoulders, his linen vest with long and flowing sleeves, dyed with saffron, and his person surcharged with short military harness, leaning on the arm of Noah, as they *debouched* from the ark together.

Owing to the constant wars which scourged this unfortunate country, and the fearful and bloody rebellion of the seventeenth century, which was said to have been hatched in the Priory of Multifarnham, the O'Neils, by degrees, lost much of their once mighty possessions in Westmeath. The old castle of Tyfarnham, on the slope of a hill hard by the River Gaine, fell into ruin ; the rock now alone standing, a grim sentinel, over these once mighty possessions ; a monument to attest the uncertainty of human pride.

Towards the close of the eighteenth century, little else was left to Gerald O'Neil, save a long pedigree and the old family picture. He had married the Lady Eva Nugent, daughter of Lord Drinmore, to whom the old castle on the opposite shore, already described, belonged. The Lady Eva was the greatest beauty of her day — her father had been for many years ambassador at foreign courts, and his daughter was as accomplished as she was beautiful. She died, however, in giving birth to a son, which had such an effect on the O'Neil, that he fell a prey to melancholy; at first, became morose, and later, took to gambling, cock-fighting, and their necessary adjuncts, low company,—

. flatterers of the festal hour

The heartless parasites of present cheer.

Amongst the host of satellites, blood-suckers, toadies (or whatever be the correct appellation for those members of society who make their way by an abject system of flattery), that sur-

rounded the O'Neil, was one Terence Doolan, who had been originally brought up as an attorney. After having most successfully practised that calling for several years, the attorney had the sagacity to discover the above weakness in the O'Neil, for whom he had repeatedly to borrow money and to renew bills. He determined to possess himself of the remnant of the Tyfarnham property, and soon found the means to be of use to the O'Neil in his pettifogging occupation. A poor man had been detected, as concerned with others, in the distillation of illicit whisky. These men had been employed by the O'Neil himself, and the very still which the gaugers had seized, was his property. Not wishing, however, that his name should appear in the transaction, the O'Neil sent for Doolan, to get him out of the scrape. It so happened, that the poor man who had been taken up, also applied to Doolan to defend him. The wily attorney deliberately weighed the matter, and came to the conclusion

that it would materially assist him in the completion of his scheme, to throw over the poor man for the rich. Should he clear Roddy, he would gain much popularity in the neighbourhood, of which he was very ambitious; but what was that in comparison with the furthering of his great end—that of making himself master of the wreck of the Tyfarnham property?

Accordingly, he contrived to get the unfortunate wretch transported, and obliged the O'Neil to silence the informers with a large sum of money, the greatest part of which, however, found its way into his own pocket.

We must now make mention of Peggy Roddy, whose husband Terence Doolan had thus been the means of transporting. Her wrath was fearful, and there was that in her character which led many persons to regard her as something more than human. It was implicitly believed by the peasantry that she dealt largely with Banshees, and that, every night, as regularly as the great clock at the Abbey

of Multy struck the first hour after midnight, she embarked in her cot, descended the Inny, and, in company with Pierce Flynn, the Wild Man of Clonave, who acted as her Charon, visited the Fairy Ring on the point of Kiltóom. From thence they were said to paddle to Knock-Ion, where, leaving her cot in Pierce's charge, she ascended the mountain, to the Holy Well, and knelt in prayer with one of the successors of St. Coragh.

Peggy Roddy monopolized the sole trade of fortune-telling in that part of the country, and was an oracle, on all points of lore, amongst the superstitious peasantry. Report said that Pierce Flynn was attached to her by nearer and dearer ties than companionship; that they were very nearly connected, and that the blood of the O'Neils flowed in their veins.

Pierce Flynn was looked upon by the country people as an idiot; he shunned as much as possible all human association, save Peggy's; never ate in the presence of any

one, and was generally supposed to take up his abode with the cows. His hair and beard remained unshorn, and he was occasionally to be seen covered with a complete thatch of rags, so much so that the passer-by could not help arresting his progress in order to discover by what ingenuity they had ever been connected together and placed upon him; or how, if once taken off, they could again be put on in the same manner. In the warm weather, he was often encountered half naked, always carrying a huge branch, or club, cut from the crab-tree, and bare-footed: it was said he could walk over thorns without wounding his feet.

Flynn was much attached to the O'Neil, and, being a picturesque figure, had been painted for him by the son of the family butler, who shewed so much talent for the art that the O'Neil was induced to send him to Italy, to improve himself, and benefit by the works of the old masters; which circumstance, accidentally, as will appear, was of

great importance to the hero of this narrative.

Peggy Roddy's habitation was situated in the midst of the great red bog bordering the River Inny, which was almost inaccessible, and few there were who would venture to cross it: even the very gaugers were afraid to pursue their occupation over that part of the bog. Since her husband had been transported, Peggy gave out publicly that no gaugers who ventured near her abode should ever return alive; and so implicitly was it believed that she was gifted with supernatural powers, that, for many years after, no officers had the temerity to make the attempt.

Although Doolan had succeeded in pillaging the O'Neil to a very large average, still he was not satisfied: he had determined upon getting the family property into his possession, and planned the following diabolical scheme. Assassins, and men who would commit the foulest of crimes, were easily hired in those

days, and, unfortunately, half a century has done little to obliterate this stain upon the national character. Half-a-dozen villains were soon found, to do any bidding of Terence Doolan's. It was arranged that these men should meet at night-fall, in a deep, narrow glen, situated at the back of Knock-Body, and leading to the village of Multifarnham. This glen, which was pitched upon as the place of rendezvous between Doolan and his hirelings, extended for about a mile, and was closely and darkly shaded by wood on either side; and from this circumstance has been from time immemorial called, in Irish, "*Glan mille dhu*," or the Glen of the Dark Mile.

It so happened that Pierce Flynn had wandered to this Glen of the Dark Mile on the evening of the night in question, and was involved in the thicket, when he overheard the conspiring murderers deliberately plan their work of destruction, which was to be so executed that no pos-

sible clue should exist as an evidence of their guilt.

The brutality of the plot caused an exclamation of horror to escape from the reputed idiot ; which betrayed his presence, and he was immediately seized. Flynn was not altogether unable to feign when policy was needful : he affected to be hurt by the reaction of a strained hazel-bough. The conspirators were satisfied that they incurred no danger from the comprehension of an idiot, and they suffered him to depart unhurt.

Sunday night had been selected by Doolan for carrying his intentions into effect, the whole family being usually collected on that night.

No sooner did the villains release Pierce Flynn, than he fled, as swiftly as he could, to Tyfarnham. It wanted but half an hour to the time when the plan laid by the murderers would be carried into effect ; so, Flynn, watching his opportunity, and unperceived by any one, carried off the little heir—

to whom he was very much attached, gained his cot, and ferried himself over to Clonave; and, by a path known only to himself and Peggy, succeeded in reaching her cabin with the child.

Terence Doolan never found out that the child had escaped. The men concerned in the massacre claimed the reward, declaring that they had destroyed the O'Neil, the child, and every one of the domestics.

Terence boldly advertised a handsome reward for the discovery of the murderers of the O'Neil—an offer, it is needless to say, never responded to; at the same time claiming the estate, for money owing to him. He had not enjoyed the result of his villany long, before he became ambitious of obtaining a coat of arms: he dared not, however capable he was of any fraud, adopt those of the family he had destroyed. The Tyfarnham crest was a hawk seizing a heron; the motto '*Ardua petit ardea.*' By a little alteration, and by a large bribe, he contrived to

establish for himself and his heirs an entry with the Norroy King at Arms;—on an escutcheon, bearing a field verte, three sharks proper, surmounted by a crest, a sparrow pecking at a wheat-sheaf; and for his motto he took ‘*Et mea messis erit.*’

Wild-Goose Lodge, was the name Doolan gave to the residence which he built, on a rising ground, to the left and rear of the village of Multifarnham. The spot was well chosen, and the view from the eminence on which the house stood extremely grand. Directly in front lay the lake of Donore—below, the ruined towers of the Abbey, and the green point of Kiltoom, dotted over with hawthorn-bushes, behind which the spire of Castle Pollard Church, and the embattled turrets of Pakenham Hall, peered from amongst dark masses of wood. The moat of Granard was just to be distinguished on the outline of a blue hill, and Cairn Clanhugh backed the vast and wide expanse of purple bog, through which the course of the

Inny might be traced, nearly from its rise at the outlet of Lough Sheelan, to its entry into Dererragh ; whilst, towering over all—the last lit by the setting sun, and the first to frown upon Terence when he looked forth from his chamber, was the rock of Tyfarnham.

CHAPTER II.

“That’s a pretty bird, gran’ma,” said a child. “Yes,” replied the old dame, “and he never cries.” “That’s because he’s never washed,” rejoined the youngster.—AMERICAN PAPER.

THE night of the 29th of February, 18—, was the important one on which the hero of the following tale made his *début* in this wicked world. Whether he was found—as many nurses affirm that infants are—in a celery-bed, or whether he came, “riding in at the window, booted and spurred,” can signify but little :—he arrived.

Now, this arrival of the child’s had been marked by some curious presages and portents, one or two of which, as becomes faithful chroniclers, we are bound to relate. At nine

o'clock of the evening when his appearance was expected, a total eclipse of the moon took place ; an event which, as a matter of course, was duly registered in every almanac, and which was further impressed on the minds of sundry aunts, cousins, and other relations, assembled, by the entrance of the butler, old Corks, who, advancing into the middle of the room, in the most dignified manner, as if to announce dinner, with his rubicund countenance indicating a strong attachment to the family port, in a sonorous voice proclaimed that " the eclipse was quite ready."

After such an event, to say nothing of his having been born on the last day of February, little else could be expected but that the child would prove a prodigy. In this, his anxious parent was not mistaken. He had several wet nurses, not one of whom lasted him for any time. Long before the period for his being legitimately promoted to a dry one, he had placed three of the former *hors de combat*, and was obliged to a bottle, filled with asses' milk,

and over the neck of which a piece of vellum was stretched, for the means of his daily existence. It is in justification of his future career that we are bound to mention this fact ; as, should any thing strange appear in his disposition, it may fairly be traced to the fluid obtained in this unnatural manner, and from an animal to which so strong a stigma is generally attached.

Great attention was paid to the health of the child, and a silver boat, which had been preserved for many years in the family, and the spout of which was twisted into all manner of shapes but the original one, by the spasmodic attempts of the rising generations to avoid copious draughts of castor oil and peppermint therewith administered, was frequently in requisition.

There existed in Ireland, at the beginning of the present century, a custom which, although now obsolete, was very fashionable, even amongst the better classes of society, at the time—that of sending young children “*out*” to be weaned. Peggy Roddy, to whom we have alluded in the last chapter, was generally supposed to be, notwith-

standing her reputed dealings with banshees, the most trustworthy and careful guardian of “the young idea” for many miles round; and, to the accomplishment of weaning children, she added that of making preserves better than any house-keeper in the neighbourhood. Whenever she was employed by the ladies of the county in the manufacture of their jams, she was obliged to take her young charges with her; conveying them on her back in a *cleave*, a sort of basket, made of hazel rods, generally employed by the country people, for the purpose of carrying their potatoes or turf. In the bottom of the cleave were placed either flaggers or rushes, and upon them the candidate for Peggy’s attention.

We have seen that the scion of the O’Neil had been carried off by Pierce Flynn, and deposited in Peggy’s charge, since which she had undertaken that of the third son of Terence Doolan, after his receiving the baptismal name of

Cromwell, and being inducted into a dress made in one piece—coat, waistcoat and trowsers, or, as the Americans have it, all standing ; a garment which, if not becoming, is not without its merit, inasmuch as it cost Mrs. Roddy very little trouble to insert her charge into it : the child, being held up to a certain height, was regularly lowered into the contrivance, and the whole was fastened by one button at the back of the neck.

Thus, Cromwell Doolan and the young O'Neil, by a strange fatality, found themselves “ kish companions,” and foster brethren, under Peggy's protection. Carried abroad, these kish companions had attracted the attention of a little girl belonging to a neighbouring house, where Mrs. Roddy had a large undertaking in the jam line, and to which she was summoned on many successive days. Kathleen was one of the most lovely little creatures that the light of heaven ever shone upon ; blue eyes, arched eyebrows, the

very longest eyelashes softening the blue orbits, the darkest brown hair—and when we add to these a dimple upon each cheek whenever she smiled, which was whenever she looked upon the young O’Neil—for he was her decided favourite, we have the portrait of a being as perfect as any of those divine little angels painted on the walls of the Camera di Correggio, at Parma.

The foster-children had been about six weeks together inhabitants of Peggy’s cabin ; and, thanks to the cabbage-stalks with which the wild man of Clonave supplied them, the cutting of their teeth proceeded more rapidly than any manufacturer of Anodine necklaces could possibly have ensured, and the period was fast approaching when Cromwell would be returned to his parents,—but that event came off rather prematurely.

It was about this time that Terence Doolan gained the information that the heir of the

O'Neil had escaped the destruction which he had planned—had been carried off by Pierce Flynn, and was under protection of Peggy Roddy. Terence feared that his schemes would prove abortive unless he got the child into his power ; but, knowing the character he had to deal with, he determined, before proceeding to extremities, to get his own son out of her clutches. In this, however, he was disappointed, for, through the same agency which had informed him of the existence of the young O'Neil, Peggy Roddy had been apprised and warned of the danger.

At midnight the young Doolan was left, carefully covered up in a kish, at the Hall door of Wild-Goose Lodge, and Peggy Roddy had fled the country.

On disengaging the child from the kish, it was discovered that a portion of one of his ears had been torn off, and that the lacerated part which was left, had scarcely healed over. While under Peggy's charge, one day, when she was

engaged in the manufacture of preserves at the mansion above alluded to, she had, according to her usual practice, left the children in their kish, and the little Kathleen had rocked their cradle, and played with them until the whole party fell fast asleep. Suddenly, the girl was awakened to a sense of her situation, or rather to that of her young charges, by a faint scream ; a pig had forced open the half-door of the still-room, had upset the crib in which the boys lay asleep, and was in the act of escaping, with the lower part of one of their left ears. Peggy had, however, applied all the cooling lotions for the concoction of which she was famous, and had paid all due attention to that part of the boy's ear that Providence and the pig had left.

Cromwell Doolan's introduction to his brothers and sisters was anything but agreeable ; he cried, and would not be comforted for many days ; but sundry kicks from the two elder boys, and occasional boxes on the side of the head—every

one of which caused his wounded ear to bleed afresh, soon taught him to cease crying, or lisping Kathleen's gentle name; and long after the time that a child's memory is considered to last, she dwelt in his.

For the above reason, young Cromwell detested his brothers; and this detestation was further augmented by a custom which existed amongst the young Doolans, of choosing their dinners on their birthdays.

Ducks and green peas, and gooseberry fool, were the bill of fare chosen by Ireton, the eldest boy, who was lucky enough to have been born in the fruit season, namely, on the 15th of June. The next scion of the Doolan family, and who, from the very first birth-day which fell for his choice, shewed the greatest inclination to gluttony, was born on the 29th of September, and for ten successive birth-days feasted on a roasted goose stuffed with potatoes, each mouthful of which he carefully smothered in apple sauce;

and, for his second course, he invariably bespoke "buttered eggs."

The young lady, Miss Shelah Doolan, was born in April, and for her dinner, being of a remarkably delicate disposition, she ordered a sucking pig, with prune sauce, and, for her second course, unlimited relays of pancakes.

Alas, poor Cromwell ! dire cause had he for jealousy ; a roly-poly pudding was his only weak point ; but, born on the 29th of February, (Leap Year), he had only once in four years the chance of ordering his beloved dog in a blanket. He was too young for the first anniversary of his birth, and on the second he was far away from Wild-Goose Lodge, and his ill-natured brethren.

To the fatal epoch then, of his birth, the 29th of February, may be laid the beginning of his misery ; and to the effect of asses' milk, any bad trait which we may have to record in his after-life.

Although our young Cromwell received nothing but monkey's allowance from his brothers, still he was not without his friend ; he had a most powerful ally in the person of the dirty, slovenly, slip-shod slave, whom his mother retained in her establishment, to perform the united duties of cook and housekeeper ; Mrs. Sly-bacon, as she was facetiously called, her real name being Cunning-ham, had taken a great fancy to our hero, and stoutly declared that he should be a soldier : she herself, early in life, had suffered from the scarlet fever. In Ireland, the army is everything ; if but a corporal and a file of men be sent forward to bespeak billets, or to escort a deserter, there is a cry of " the army."

The second brother, Fairfax, was destined by his father to become " food for powder." Cromwell, by decree of the same domestic potentate, to be a priest ; but, right or wrong, the privileged

and powerful Mrs. Sly-bacon declared that a soldier he should be.

Mrs. Cunningham, as we have said, was a very privileged character in the establishment at Wild-Goose Lodge; she therefore very often took permission to give herself leave to go to Ballinalack (memorable in the historic lore of the county, as having given rise to a saying—being built only on one side, “All on one side, like Ballinalack”). There were fairs occasionally held there, and Mrs. Cunningham never missed attending them, and generally returned with some little present for her young favourite.

One of these fairings, in all probability, was not without its influence on the after-career of the sucking hero. She purchased him a quantity of gilt gingerbread, in the shape of horse and foot soldiers. The young commander at once commenced an onslaught, demolished a whole company of infantry, and then attacked the cavalry with such astonishing avidity, that

Mrs. Sly-bacon threw up her hands high in air, and expressed it as her opinion, that he would be a regular fire-eater and no mistake.

This destruction of the gingerbread army from Ballinalack, was not, however, the only “peg” upon which Mrs. Cunningham “hung her hopes,” of one day seeing her young favourite an officer. There was another circumstance, of greater import. It will be recollected that the first dress into which the boy was inducted, was made of one piece, and fastened on by one large button at the back of the neck ; but, as the frog, in its earliest stage, is only a tadpole, by degrees throwing out small fins, which in time become legs, so this dress of the young Cromwell was in time superseded, by something a stage further on the road to manly garments ; little fin-like sleeves were given, by way of covering to his arms ; and the huge button at the back of his neck gave way to nine very smart sugar-loaf ones down the front.

Mrs. Cunningham taught him to “tell off” his buttons, from the top to the bottom, after the following fashion :—

1. Soldier.
2. Sailor.
3. Tinker.
4. Tailor.
5. Gentleman.
6. Apothecary.
7. Ploughboy.
8. Thief.
9. Soldier !!!

He soon learned his lesson. He began with a soldier, and he wound up by being one: this was conclusive; a soldier he must be.

As soon as Cromwell's ideas had begun sufficiently to shoot, his mornings, in conjunction with those of his elder brothers, were devoted to the care of a hedge tutor, who was accom-

plished enough to teach them reading, writing and arithmetic, called in their country “cyphering.” In the first, he made but little progress ; in the second, he arrived at delineating what are termed “pot-hooks and hangers,” and, as Mrs. Sly-bacon facetiously remarked, had he dipped a turkey’s foot into the ink, and attempted to write with that, he could not have disfigured more paper than he did with these.

There is an inherent desire in most boys to gamble. “Pitch and toss,” “chuck farthing,” or some such accomplishment, is generally familiar to the rising generation. Irish boys have not always the money, but they have an ingenious substitute for it, by betting with their buttons. “I’ll hould you a button,” is a phrase familiar to the ears of most travellers, who, if they took a closer inspection, would find many boys quite buttonless ; others with the whole of their garments depending upon one, whilst some are to be seen so covered with their winnings, that

little else than a mass of buttons presents itself to the eyes of the astonished beholder.

We are sorry to be obliged to relate that Cromwell was addicted to this vice, and was generally successful; he had, however, tried Dame Fortune very hard, and, from having won, at one time, all the buttons belonging to his class, he returned to Wild-Goose Lodge buttonless, his coat and trousers fastened together by a tenpenny nail. Mrs. Sly-bacon chid her favourite for indulging in so ruinous a propensity, and, although there were no buttons left to tell his fortune with, she contrived to keep alive his military ardour, by sundry presents of very soldier-like boxes of toys.

The second boy, as we have already stated was destined for a soldier; the eldest had grown up into a regular "Buckeen," and early showed his inclination for breaking young horses, and shooting snipe, at that time looked upon as the greatest possible accomplishments.

About a mile and a half from the village of Ballinalack, and in the midst of a very wet bog, is Cappagh Lake, at that day, (as it still continues to be) the very best lake for water-fowl-shooting in Westmeath, or, in all probability, in Ireland. Numbers of every description of wild fowl, from the gorgeous and majestic hooper, or wild swan, to the beautiful and excellent little tufted duck, find their way to this favoured piece of water, to lave themselves after their nightly muddy search of food in the flooded marshes along the course of the Inny : here the fowlers, concealed in shades, await at break of day the flocks of geese, ducks, widgeon, and other wild fowl, as they whirl down out of the air, and, after a half turn round the water, come within range of one or other of these masked batteries. As fast as the guns can be fired and loaded, and for nearly one hour, the firing is incessant, and “ the bag,” proportionate to the skill of the respective marksmen ; for

duck-shooting, like many other accomplishments, requires great practise, a quick ear, and a very quick sight. We have known sixty pairs of water-fowl bagged at one of these morning battues.

Fortunately for our hero, and for Mrs. Cunningham's ambition, the elder Doolan, when trying to find his way to the edge of Lough Cappagh, in the depth of winter, was caught in a snow-storm, missed the accustomed track to the Lake, and fell into a deep bog-hole. His body was not found until six weeks after, when some persons who had repaired thither for the purpose of cutting turf discovered the remains of the unfortunate youth; and such is the property of bog-water, that the body remained just as it must have lit in the hole, with the head downwards and the legs extended upwards, like the letter Y.

After this accident, the idea of the second boy's entering the army was abandoned: *he* became "The Buckeen," succeeding to his lost

brother's hunter and the single-barrelled " Queen Anne."

By the powerful intervention of Mrs. Sly-bacon, the point was at last conceded that Cromwell should become " food for powder." His godfather, and uncle by his mother's side, Brevet Lieutenant-colonel Scabbart, persuaded his sister that it was absolutely necessary—a *sine qua non*, that the young hero should have a military education previously to his entering the army, and recommended the Royal Military College at Sandhurst as the institution alone fitted to form him for the profession.

His father, not having been in the army, it was necessary to pay £150 a-year for his military education: however, there was this advantage, that there was the less likelihood of his being turned away for misconduct or stupidity, a lot which in those days often befel, (if it do not still befall,) the orphans or sons of old officers, (who pay only a trifling sum, in con-

sideration of their long services), should they give the slightest possible loop-hole for it.

All being arranged, Cromwell was consigned to the care of Colonel Scabbart, one of the few remaining of the old liver-wing days of the army, when it was considered as much as a subaltern's quiet was worth to help himself to the liver-wing of a fowl, or to any other delicacy, without having previously ascertained that it was not the wish of the field-officer to have it.

Old Scabbart was a disappointed man, not having risen in the service, as he fancied, according to his deserts. He inhabited a sitting-room and bed-room, on the second floor, in one of those military lodging-houses in St. Alban's Place, and was invariably to be seen, in winter, seated in a particular corner by the fire-place at the Jungle Club, at a quarter to six, on the look-out for roasted turkey, or the first slice of the *joint* "ready at six." Like all disap-

pointed men, Colonel Scabbart maintained that "the service was going to the devil;" wrote in the United Service Journal, and was deeply engaged in a paper war with a host of scribblers, who sign themselves as 'Tuft,' 'Helmet,' 'Shako,' 'Ramrod,' &c. &c. Poor old fellows! peace be to their ashes, say we.

Colonel Scabbart went so far as to publish, on his own account, a pamphlet, entitled "Stand Easy," wherein he fully explained the absurdity of the present system of drill; particularly that of the men being obliged to join their hands together simultaneously, with a clap like thunder, on receiving the word to "stand at ease." He also set forth the injury done to the firelocks by obliging the men to make them all ring on the pavement, as they let them fall at the word to "order arms."

The outline of this pamphlet he had prepared, originally, when doing duty with his regiment as a captain; and although it was evident

to all that it was for the benefit of the service that these "childish" methods, as he called them, of exhibiting the smartness of the men, should be discontinued, we are sorry to be obliged to say, that he did not in this instance act disinterestedly. He did it for the sole purpose of trying to save the greater portion of the contingent allowance which is granted to every officer commanding a troop or company: as a matter of course, the less wear and tear there is of the arms, the more of the allowance will find its way into the pocket of the officer.

The Colonel, although a disappointed man, was not without many good qualities, and amongst them we may enumerate that of extreme good nature. As a proof of this, we may instance his foregoing his usual custom of occupying the corner, at the Jungle, on the day that Cromwell was expected to appear in the metropolis. He not only went so far as to give up his usual dinner at six

o'clock ; but, on conning over the bill of fare for the day, he sacrificed that which he seldom got—the thing of all others he liked best—a roast loin of veal ; although, by seating himself early, he would have ensured the first “ shy ” at the kidney—his weakest point !

CHAPTER III.

Yet see how all around 'em wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black misfortune's baleful train ;
Ah, shew them where in ambush stand
To seize their prey, the murderous band !
Ah, tell them, they are men !

GRAY.

WE must now attend the boy to the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, whither Colonel Scabbart conveyed him the following day, to undergo his examination for admittance. From the few questions he had put to him, the good-natured old man felt strong doubts as to his nephew's success.

Next morning, the youthful candidate made his appearance for examination before "the Board."

Down the centre of a long room ran a table covered with green cloth, and that again was covered with sheets of paper, pens, ink, slates, and slate pencils. At the upper end sate the Lieutenant-Governor of the College, a spare, hard-featured, feather-bed veteran, not inaptly compared, in personal appearance, to the late General Jackson, of Transatlantic celebrity, known in America by the soubriquet of "Old Hickory." The Lieutenant-Governor was supported by his Adjutant. Numerous professors were inspecting the different tasks set to the boys, who were placed at intervals down either side.

Cromwell was first put into the hands of a Professor of Classics—Barber Hancock, who opened the book at the first Eclogue of Virgil. Alas ! our hero, although he contrived to get

under the shade of the far-famed, wide-spreading Beech-tree, could not extricate himself from its sylvan shadow.

He was then set some equations in algebra, by Jock Lowry :

1. A post is one-third in the mud, one-fourth in the water, and ten feet above the water.—Required, the length of the post ?

At this he fairly *stuck* : and answered, “ Nothing !”

Jock then gave him :

2. A man and his wife could drink a barrel of beer in fifteen days ; but, after drinking together six days, the woman alone drank the remainder in thirty days. In what time could either have drank the whole barrel ?

In this question, and after having spoiled some six or eight sheets of paper in the attempt, our hero came to the conclusion that ; The man could drink it in fifty days ; the woman in twenty-one days, three-sevenths. Fancying that the boy had merely “ put the cart

before the horse," with a bad joke about the lady's having a more "beery" propensity than her husband, he gave Cromwell a slate, and a third and last chance ;

3. A fish was caught, whose tail weighed nine pounds ; his head weighed as much as his tail and half of his body, and his body weighed as much as his head and tail together.—What was the weight of the fish ?

Without troubling the reader, or puzzling him with Cromwell's blunders,

Supposing that

$2 \times$ be the number of pounds four of the fins weighed,

Then $9 + 2 =$ the weight of the tail.

Of this our hero could make neither "head nor tail," and contrived to make the whole fish weigh but eight pounds.

Jock Lowry, who was at all times dreadfully absent, and was generally to be seen sucking a piece of slate-pencil, took the calculations of the young Doolan up to the

Lieutenant-Governor, for the purpose of shewing him how utterly ignorant he was of the commonest rules of algebra. But, in presenting the slate to that august fac-simile of old Hickory, he delivered it wrong side upwards, where, instead of the complicated history of the fish, was represented an excellent likeness, but in strong caricature, of the Lieutenant-Governor himself, the work of the young Pickle.

The Professor retired; the Adjutant turned over some papers, and was heard to say :—" But he will pay a hundred and fifty pounds a-year."

Cromwell Doolan, when he joined his maternal uncle, did so as a gentleman cadet of the Royal Military College of Sandhurst. He found the worthy old gentleman busily employed inspecting one of the bayonets belonging to the cadets. He was ruminating on the destruction of those weapons by the rounding off of the points, and upon the carbines,

made originally for the American war ; and was so lost in the subject that for a long time he did not perceive that Cromwell stood before him, a cadet.

On the day he entered the Royal Military College, Cromwell had served out to him, a red coat, with blue cuffs and collars, edged with gold lace ; a pair of blue cloth trousers, and a cap, for every-day wear, with a large brass ‘C,’ and ‘No. 30,’ under it ; the letter denoting the company to which he was appointed, and the figures his number in that company. On Sundays the gentlemen cadets strutted about in a white cross-belt, and in a shako surmounted by a long red and white feather.

Cromwell was put into a room with four others. Each room contained five iron bedsteads, the clothes belonging to which were regularly folded every morning, barrack fashion, by the servants of the establishment. Each cadet had also a small cupboard, having, by way

of a door, a sort of wire fence, through which the sergeants could discover anything contraband, such as spirits, tobacco, or any money over one pound. These *safes* were, in College *patois*, denominated ‘bird-cages.’

Cromwell was the last joined, in consequence of which he was the John, or Boots, of the room, and was constantly launched, *i. e.* turned out of bed upon the floor, by having the former pulled over him. All this he took very good-humouredly; young as he was, he had sense enough to know that “every dog has his day,” and he wisely determined to await his own. He soon became a favourite, and made great progress in everything but his studies: he learned to imbibe brandy-and-water, and to smoke cigars; not perhaps that he liked them, but they were forbidden, for which reason every cadet who could, thought himself in duty bound to smoke. There is something inherent in our dispositions, ever since the days of our mother

Eve, impelling us to taste forbidden fruit ; and, in the case of our hero, if we may be forgiven for the vileness of the pun, this tendency was displayed in a desire to taste forbidden *weeds*.

Around the College were circumscribed bounds, beyond which, if caught by the sergeants, the cadets were reported and punished. The sergeants were old soldiers, and kept a sharp look-out: all spirits seized by them became their perquisite, and this was a sufficient stimulant to them to do their duty in that respect. These sergeants generally took up a position in the thick fir-plantations which surrounded the College, and commanded the different paths which led to the villages or public-houses; and they often succeeded in intercepting the cadets on their return from their foraging expeditions.

One sergeant, in particular, named Crooks, who lived at the Bagshot entrance to the College grounds, and who was nick-named

Porter in consequence, was a tall, lathy fellow, not so old as the generality of the other sergeants, a very devil to run, exceedingly cunning, and consequently, much dreaded. Few there were who succeeded in reaching "The Jolly Farmer," a public-house on the road to Bagshot; or, if they had the luck to do so, returned undiscovered by him; not many had the temerity to attempt a *chivey*, as it was called, to the Jolly Farmer.

To our hero, anything out of the common way was a delight: he set Porter Crooks at defiance, and generally succeeded in outmanœuvring him. Cromwell had for his chum a cadet named Philip Augustus Filagree. It happened, one day, that a particular friend of Filagree's was going to Portsmouth, to join a regiment, and stopped at Blackwater, for the purpose of giving his friend a dinner, desiring him to bring *his* friend. Accordingly, these two managed to get to

Blackwater ; where, after a good dinner, their host made them a present of a dozen bottles of pale brandy. These they decanted into six-and-thirty soda-water bottles, for the convenience of transport : and, after much stratagem, they succeeded in carefully depositing the whole six-and-thirty, one after another, in a sandy overgrown cart-track in one of the Scotch fir-plantations within bounds ; intending to carry them off as they were required. They could not help laughing at their work when finished, for their cellar extended a long way down the riding.

To make all sure, they avoided the plantation for several days ; at length it was agreed that the first inroad should be made into their *cache*. Just as they had extracted a couple of bottles—all they intended to take, Cromwell felt a strong arm laid upon him ; like an eel upon ice, he slipped from the Porter, for he it was, and bolted, “ Derby pace.” Filagree

did the same, in an opposite direction, and was singled out by the sergeant, who gave chase. In all probability Filagree would have escaped, had not his cap, "C. 24" fallen off; which the Porter stopped to seize. This was enough for his purpose, so Filagree stopped too.

Our hero got back in time to go to study; but, five minutes before the time for release, he was sent for into the waiting-room: and in five more he was on his way to the black hole—whither his friend had preceded him, for eight-and-forty hours. Porter Crooks had discovered him. Short as was the glimpse he had, it was sufficient for the lynx-eyed dog to remark the deficiency of the lower part of his left ear.

Attached to the establishment were Professors of classics, arithmetic, mathematics, and fortification; of French, German, history and military drawing; the latter of two kinds, called "pen-work" and "brush-work," the

last, admirable ; the former the most absurd task ever imposed on any one, unless he was intended to be brought up to copper-plate engraving, in which case he could not have had a better education. Nothing is so detrimental to the draughtsman, or to freedom of hand, as this absurd method of wasting time. Even the very Indian ink took ten minutes out of every hour to rub ; nor was it supposed fit to use, *i. e.* black enough, until it rubbed white—that is, until it showed white streaks along the slab.

The cadet's breakfast consisted of bread and milk ; and for dinner, being ten in each mess, they had roast and boiled meat, alternate days ; likewise, alternately, rice, and plum pudding. The latter was called "stick-jaw," and contained enormous masses of suet, which, when hot, obtained, from their transparency, the name of "Bagshot diamonds." One of the College punishments was "close arrest for one day,

and no pudding.” The delinquents under this sentence were obliged to march out of the dining-halls at the particular moment the “stick-jaw” made its appearance; a punishment, we should say, rather *infra dig* for gentlemen cadets, and only worthy of Do-the-boys Hall.

Cromwell remained for four half years at Sandhurst, and his chance of obtaining a commission in the army, by study, was quite as remote as on the day he entered the establishment. Not but that he could have succeeded, if he had chosen; he was perfectly competent to do so had he felt inclined; but he was idle; anything that amused him he preferred to study. In drawing, for which he had a fancy, he far eclipsed any of the other cadets. His plans, both in military drawing and fortification, were as highly finished as copper-plate. It was agreed by the authorities that he should not again return to

College, and that the present should be his last half year. The money was lodged for his commission, which he expected about the time he would be leaving the College.

It was not likely that such a spirit as Cromwell's could fly the establishment without doing something remarkable, and the Fates decreed accordingly. He was bound to do something notorious, and came to the resolution that, as he detested old Hickory, the very best thing he could do would be to get up a regular, good rebellion. In such fertile brains as Cromwell's, the whole plan was quickly digested.

At ten o'clock at night, when all the lights were put out, and all was quiet, C. 15, Blazer, 19, Fountaine, and 46, Waterman, were to steal to Cromwell's room, to receive orders, which they, in their turn, were to communicate to the heads of the other companies ; and such dependance did all hands place in his clever-

ness and skill, that he had only to point out to each leader his part in the transaction, and it was sure to be carried out to the best of their ability.

At eleven o'clock the ringleaders were to proceed to our hero's room. He had prepared his kettle full of "Bishop," with the intention of giving his guests what in College *patois* is called "a tent," which we shall describe by and by. The fire, a little before nine o'clock, was carefully raked out, and the kettle placed, in the most studiedly careless manner, just within the influence of the cinders, in order to keep its contents hot as long as possible.

At nine o'clock it was customary for the sergeant of the company to go round the rooms, to see the lights, both fire and candles, out.

On coming to Cromwell's room, the Sergeant found all the cadets in bed, the fire carefully

raked out, and all apparently asleep. Cromwell, however, had overdone it, and the sergeant at once had his suspicions. The boy, who was with his face partly hid under the clothes, was disagreeably surprised by hearing—hiss !—hiss !—phizz !—phizz !—&c., and, on looking up, discovered Sergeant Blaney pouring the whole contents of the kettle on to the embers, as if it were only water.

A stifled groan escaped him at the loss of his Bishop, and the sergeant left the room. Blaney was a good fellow, and liked Cromwell, so he poured out the contents of the kettle, through pure good nature, to prevent his getting into trouble.

About eleven o'clock the door was opened, and all three—Blazer, Fountaine, and Waterman, stole softly into the room, and found all hands busy in the manufacture of a "tent." The doors were then locked, and the seams carefully closed with towels, the windows undergoing the same

process, and four or five blankets were fastened into the corners. The tent was then constructed, in the middle of the room, and was formed by heaping all the remaining blankets over the table, in such a manner that the light which was to be struck underneath should not be visible to the patrols.

In due time, Filagree, our hero, and the three friends, were carefully enclosed in the tent by the three 'Johns' of the room, who had to keep a look-out; instead of which they fell asleep, and continued so until the striking of the tent; when, for their pains in keeping watch so well, they were all three 'launched.'

The Bishop was a great loss, but half a bottle of shrub, and cold water, were better than nothing; and, with the aid of some clay pipes and shag tobacco, the great business of the meeting was effectually arranged. The programme was as follows. Two of the companies, A and B, were to be divided into three divisions, under the

command of the three ringleaders already mentioned, and that day week, at three o'clock, each was to be at the post assigned to him. The first division, under Blazer, were to extend themselves in a wide circle round the college, at the distance of about a mile, and to provide themselves with tinder-boxes and bundles of brimstone matches, (lucifers were not at that time thought of,) and to set fire to the heath and fir-plantations in thirty or forty different places.

The third division, under Waterman, were to seize upon the college fire-engine ; and to drag it to the front of the college, each cadet being provided with a bag full of large stones.

Our hero appointed Filagree as his aid-de-camp ; took command, in person, of the C Company, which he intended as a reserve, to act against any of the professors or sergeants who might not mess in college, and to perform some private acts of revenge on those who

had reported him: these he determined should not escape punishment in the general *mêlée*. Such were the leading features of the preparations. The ringleaders swore to do their duty. The parole agreed upon was, "Old Hickory;" the counter-sign, "Fire and water;" but

we have prated

Just now enough, but by and by we'll prattle

Like Roland's horn in Roncesvalles' battle.

As the day broke on the 21st of August, Cromwell looked forth from the window of his room. All was enveloped in a thick fog—the heath, plantations, and lakes. Young as our hero was, he was sufficiently weather-wise to know that it was only the *avant courier* to an exceedingly hot day. Gradually, a slight breeze began to dispel the fog; by six o'clock the dense mass had completely rolled away, and by seven the sun shone out fiercely, and heath, lakes, and plantations, were dancing in the sun,

glazed over in a swimmy, oily, hazy, mirage. There had been no rain for ten days, and, from the heat, all was like tinder. A slight breeze set from the south-east, and it was with no little satisfaction Cromwell calculated that the long white ling, and heath itself, would burn like tinder.

The cadets, at the request of Cromwell, had, one and all, subscribed a week's pay, and deposited the sum in the hands of a committee, who purchased axes, several coils of strong rope, a hundred and fifty bundles of brimstone matches, some rockets and crackers, a large iron pot, a quantity of pitch, a bushel of corks, false whiskers and moustaches, a couple of pounds of Lundyfoot's Irish snuff, and a small barrel of gunpowder.

What remained of the money, which did not exceed £5, was expended in the purchase of a circular life-buoy.

By a quarter before three o'clock, there was

not a cadet in the college save Cromwell and Filagree; they were all on their way to their respective posts. Every cadet was provided with a cork, which he had carefully burned black the night before, and, by three o'clock, the greater part had blackened their faces and taken the numbers off their caps. The first division, under Blazer, provided with tinder-boxes and matches, prepared with brimstone, began to extend themselves from the head of the upper lake, right and left, until they had encompassed the whole of the heath and plantations, for three miles, in a half circle round the college, extending from north to south, where they remained, awaiting the signal from the building.

The second division, under Fountaine, which was not near so strong as that commanded by Blazer, were provided with half-a-dozen axes, and had lain down, awaiting the signal, concealed in the plantations, close to the penistock which damned up the higher lake.

The other division, under Waterman, were all ready, with a master key, to unlock the store in which were kept the fire-engines, and had filled their pockets and the breasts of their coats with stones.

Our hero and Filagree had been in the habit of paying visits occasionally to the sergeant-major's daughters, who were good-looking girls. They lived in the basement story of the college, as also did the band, servants, and most of the sergeants. Filagree and Cromwell, but particularly the former, fancied themselves dreadfully in love with these young ladies, and, by dint of hard labour, had converted one of the dormitory keys into a skeleton one, with which they could open the principal doors of the basement story, and without which they never could have enjoyed their nocturnal *têtes-à-tête* with their loves. By a little more filing, Cromwell contrived to make his key so perfect, that it not only turned in every one

of the doors, but he found he could lock them with it. He himself intended to perform this, the most dangerous of all the manœuvres—namely, to lock in the band, sergeants, and servants, when engaged in “the great business of life.”

By three o'clock, then, our hero had so disguised himself, that his aide-de-camp, at the first glance, could not recognise him. Cromwell informed him that he had succeeded in locking all the doors below, unheard, and that there was no time to be lost in his running up to the leads, over the portico, and sending up the rocket, the signal agreed upon for all hands to begin.

Cromwell took a phosphorus-box, and one full of Irish snuff, and proceeded to the Lieutenant-Governor's office: he quietly opened the well-known green baize door, and, before old Hickory could well adjust his spectacles upon his prominent nasal organ, our hero stood

confronting his august person. With his left hand he let fly a quantity of snuff directly at old Hickory's eyes, and, in a twinkling, had ignited a large bundle of crackers, which he threw down upon the table, making his exit in the shindy.

Scarcely had he got clear of the room, when he heard, crack ! crack ! crack !—then a tremendous explosion ; the whole packet had evidently taken fire, and gone off. Whizz, whizz ! next greeted his ears, as Filagree, true to time, sent the signal-rocket high into the air.

In five minutes, the Governor's summer-house was blown, with a tremendous explosion, into ten thousand pieces ; wreaths of white smoke, succeeded by flashes of fire, were seen enveloping the woods in all directions ; and the penistock of the upper lake was cut across, and its waters were pouring upon those of the lower one.

The firing of the rockets had alarmed bands-

men, servants and sergeants, at mess in the basement; to their astonishment, they found themselves locked in. They then attempted to make their exit by the windows in front, but the party provided with stones gave them so warm a reception, and kept up such a shower upon all who shewed at the area windows, that they soon desisted. The doors, which opened inwards, besides being locked, had been firmly fastened by the iron rods, which Cromwell had passed across the door-posts and hooked on to the handles.

A tremendous shout, which reverberated through the woods, proclaimed the success of the party sent to intercept the professors; half a dozen writhing victims were seen debouching from their houses, and the whole of the C. company rushed, *en masse*, upon them. Meanwhile, the party charged to ignite the wood and heath, had done their duty, and were all on their way towards the common centre. Here

they found the greater part of their comrades, in the act of pinioning the unlucky professors, and tying them *dos-à-dos* together.

Crapeaud, Schwine, and Snuftuch, who were the most obnoxious, were reserved for different fates. The legs of the first were tied together, and his arms, extended at right angles with his body, were firmly lashed to a pole placed across his back ; he was then inducted into the circular life-buoy (his arms, and the pole, prevented his going through it,) and launched forth into the lake.

A pot of pitch was ready, boiling hot : Schwine's and Snuftuch's beards were then well stuck together ; their arms being first firmly tied behind. As soon as the pitch had cooled, two of the smallest boys, provided with enormous canisters of Lundyfoot's snuff, were appointed to administer handfuls to each. Filagree had reported to his commanding officer that the inhabitants of the basement

story could not force themselves out by way of the area ; that half-a-dozen cadets, with stones, were sufficient to keep them from a further attempt, and that the fire-engine, which originally had been intended by Cromwell to act against them, might now be brought to bear upon the professors.

Poor devils ! with a tremendous shout, a hundred cadets harnessed themselves to the engine, rattled it down to the water's edge, and, in five minutes more, by their united efforts, an uninterrupted stream of water was directed upon their victims ; Filagree turning the hose from one to the other, until they became regularly deluged. Meanwhile, Schwine and Snuftuch were passing anything but an agreeable time : fastened together by their beards, each supply of snuff made them sneeze violently into each other's faces ; the jerk caused by the effort of sneezing made each draw

back his face, but, being fastened tight by their beards, it caused great agony. Every fresh handful then, administered by these urchins, was followed by a terrific sneeze, and the contortions displayed by the unfortunate professors were hailed with shouts from the bystanders.

Suddenly, there was a murmur from towards the college : another moment, and a strong force of the college servants, sergeants, and bandsmen, were seen to debouche from the left wing of the building, and the dragoons, under the riding-master, appeared on the flank. There was a rush : a panic seized the cadets : it was *sauve qui peut*.

Crapeaud was left suspended in the life-buoy, floating in the lake ; the others, tied together and drenched like drowned rats ; while the boys who had charge of the Irish snuff gave the *coup de grace* before they fled,

by throwing the contents of the canister into the features of the unfortunate Schwine and Snuftuch, who were left almost suffocated, sneezing volley after volley into each other's faces.

CHAPTER IV.

He has plenty to say to the women,
And more than they ought to believe,
Tho' a few pretty names I could mention,
Have reason to know he'll deceive :
He don't even hint about marriage,
'Tis not of course part of his plan,
What a pity it is pretty women
Will encourage a charming man.

THE CHARMING YOUNG MAN.

THE interior economy of an officer's quarters, so far as the Ordnance department is concerned, consists of—four walls, generally but very indiffer-

ently white-washed ; two windows, looking into the barrack-yard, two to the rear, the windows being invariably placed opposite to each other, so that the occupant enjoys the full benefit of a thorough draft. One or two closets adjoin — (when in the plural number, they may be considered as excessive luxuries) ; the one makes a sleeping-apartment, the other serves as a sort of pantry, for the servant to brush clothes, to hold his officer's breakfast-things, pipe-clay, blacking, and the heap of tarpauling coverings which protect the beds, bedding, &c., on the line of march ; all and each of which have the possessor's name upon them in large white letters. From the said closet there exudes, for several months after a youngster joins, a peculiar "niff," a mixture of odours, between new leather and bass-mat.

In the largest, or sitting-room, is a grate, with rusty fire-irons, and a fender ; an exceedingly groggy table, containing a very diminutive

drawer ; and a couple of chairs, with wooden bottoms—all marked with the broad arrow, complete the ordnance furniture ; if we except a small board, hung upon a nail at the back of the door, whereon is inscribed a catalogue or inventory of the aforesaid furniture, under which, and prefaced by an “N.B.” it is expressly stated that, “ If this board be lost or defaced, it will be charged one shilling.

As to the comfort of a barrack-room, that entirely depends upon the taste of the occupant. The one into which we wish to introduce the reader, and which was situated in the centre of a building in Mullingar Barracks, was furnished with remarkable neatness. A small-sized Turkey carpet—in fact, a large Turkey rug, but of a square form, covered the centre of the room ; round which, to hide the boards, ran a piece of blotting-paper-coloured drugget ; upon the ordnance table was placed a large circular wooden board, which folded in half when it was required

to be packed up, (a *wrinkle* we strongly recommend to all young gentlemen about to join) ; over this was stretched a handsome Scotch shawl, of the *old* Gordon pattern—a delicate attention on the part of a fair female ; thus, a capital round table was formed. A neat chintz pattern covered a mattress upon a soldier's iron bedstead, and did duty remarkably well as a sofa. A Dover chair, the travelling case of which had legs screwed into it, and flaps to pull out at the sides, made, in quarters, a second table, and, like the circular one in the centre of the room, was covered with a Scotch shawl, of a scarlet and black pattern ; another *cadeau*, we must confess.

A portable book-case, containing drawers at the bottom, to hold bills, shut in half, for transportation, and on its shelves were placed—

Hawker's Advice to Young Sportsmen.

Byron's works, complete, (Galignani's edition.)

About a dozen odd volumes of Paul de Kock. Moore's Melodies, (diamond edition), bound in green and gold.

The Language of Flowers. The Sentiment of Flowers.

Sundry books on drill; and about a dozen and a half of Essays on Riflemen, and Hints to Young Officers—the sum-total of the information contained in which, was made valueless by the old adage, that “practice alone makes perfect.”

Upon the walls were hung a few French prints—Esmeralda giving water to Quasimodo, &c.

On the circular table, and on the above-mentioned old Gordon, stood a very smart green morocco Bramah inkstand, the centre tray of which was filled with those glass seals which are to be purchased for about a shilling each, and find much favour with the young and sentimental, from their mottoes and devices, such as—

A group of pansies ; motto, “ *Pensez à moi.*”

An owl and a tea-pot, and “ *sometimes converse take, and sometimes tea.*”

A crocodile, with, “ *Il ne pleure que pour dévorer,*”
&c. &c. &c.

Upon the small Turkey rug, and stretched before the fire, lay an Isle of Skye dog, his eyes being scarcely discernable amidst the dark iron-grey-coloured hair, which covered his head and body. The heat of the fire caused him to pant, and his extraordinarily white teeth came out in strong contrast to the dusky hue of his coat, fully exemplifying the saying, “all hair and teeth, like a rat-catcher’s dog.” His name was Fuzbos, which had merged into “Furze-bush ;” he stood upon his hind legs when he was desired ; suffered himself to be lifted up and suspended by his tail, carried his master’s cane in his mouth, and was invaluable to him whenever his “small talk” came to an end, or conversation flagged.

The possessor of all this luxury was Ensign Philip Augustus Filagree, of his Majesty's ——, no other than our Sandhurst acquaintance.

He had been about six months in the service, and his character had developed itself into that of a professed lady-killer, in the fullest sense of the word. He was the idol of all ladies in garrison towns, and of the governesses of every surrounding family. He never passed any tolerably good-looking woman without recommending his personal appearance, by flanking his boots, passing his fingers through his hair, or giving his hat an extra hitch on one side ; and, when all these means failed, he often effected his introduction by calling Fuzbos to his assistance, exclaiming, while looking full at the fair object of his admiration—"Charming little dog, Fuzz!"—who, it is needless to add, hearing himself thus addressed, immediately stood on his hind

legs, and it became impossible for the "object" to avoid a smile.

Whether it was owing to his having passed his vacations in France, with a maiden sister of his father's, or whether, during his *hobble-dehoyism*, he had been too often enticed under the misletoe-bush, certain it is that Filagree was a perfect master of the art of "*petits soins*." Though he really retained all the spirit of an English lad, his father, disgusted with his love of dancing and tea-parties, invariably designated him as "the Muffin-Worrier," a name which, it is needless to say, was not lost to him in his regiment, only dwindling into that of "the Muffin."

Philip Augustus Filagree was the eldest son of a wealthy squire, in one of the midland counties. He was of a race now almost extinct:

The good Old English Gentleman
Of the olden time.

He possessed manors well stocked with game, he loved fox-hunting, and port wine; kept up the old method of Christmas keeping; sate long after dinner, had a horror of French innovations, and predicted the downfall of England the moment Englishmen ceased to pursue the chace, began to grow beards, or to wear their trousers in plaits about their hips.

As to personal appearance, Filagree would have been decidedly good-looking, if he had not, unfortunately, been much marked with the small-pox. He had a good figure, an exceedingly luxuriant crop of light hair, and his height may be ascertained from the facetious answer which he himself playfully made to a vulgar old lady who bored him by asking,

“How long, Sir, are you in the army?” and received for answer,

“Five feet eleven, Ma’am.”

The Muffin-worrier had just finished a billet-doux; had folded it into a three-cornered or cocked hat shape, and was in the act of closing it with a seal whereon was cut a cupid blubbering in a garden, amongst a row of flower-pots, and encircled by the French motto: '*Votre absence est la cause,*' when his door opened, Furze-bush barked, and our legitimate hero stood before him. He had been gazetted to the ———, two months before, and had come to join.

Cromwell had, from infancy, been a remarkably handsome boy. On the 29th of February of the year before, he had arrived at his fourth birth-day, and was consequently in his seventeenth year. Though still but a stripling, he was well knit, active, and graceful; and the following may satisfy any one who may wish to inquire on other points.

A young lady, who was very anxious about

the intended husband of her friend, inquired “ what sort of person ” he was ?

“ Is it Darby Hart, Miss, and me not to know him ? Why, sure, I have known him ever since he was born, and that’s twenty years last Candlemas, glory be to God—more power to him ; he has an illigant place, thirty-nine dairy cows, and the sorra a man in the county is better to do than Darby.”

“ Oh, no ! ” replied the young lady, “ that’s not what I mean at all : what sort of looking man is he ? Is he handsome ? ”

“ Och ! is that what you mane ? Och then, the sorra a handsomer in all Ireland ; sure, the Apollo could’nt hold a candle to him, Miss. He’s just six feet two, and every bit of him in proportion ! ” This definition satisfied the fair inquirer. The words might have applied to Cromwell, excepting that he was but five feet ten.

The two friends were delighted to meet, and

a long gossip over old times was only checked by Filagree's reminding Doolan that he must report himself to his commanding officer; for which purpose he handed him over to the Adjutant-Lieutenant Pace-stick, and went off to deliver with his own hands his three-corned billet-doux.

The field-officer's quarters were larger than those occupied by the junior ranks. Little else than the Ordnance furniture embellished the somewhat uncomfortable-looking room occupied by the Major, whom we shall call Bassoon: the bare walls were relieved by two portraits of the occupant only; one, in chalks, represented the gallant Major at the age of seventeen, when he had but just entered the army, in tight regimentals, as turned out by a dandy tailor in Clifford Street, every part of his dress fitting like a glove; from which it might be inferred that he, in his day, had been as dangerous a fellow as Filagree.

The other was a wretched daub in oils, which apparently had not been long finished, and was the production of some country artist during his present residence. It was a three-quarter length, (cabinet size), and it might be inferred, from the way in which the undress uniform hung upon the portly person of the Major, that he no longer employed the dandy in Clifford Street, but patronized the master tailor of the regiment, and did not care a button for the consequences. The artist, whether designedly or not, had thrown a profusion of colour into the Major's countenance ; the effects of which were more glaring from his being painted in an undress coat. In the background, piles of guns were introduced, that the landscape might be in strict military keeping ; but, unluckily, the painter's conception was far beyond his powers of execution, and the piles of cannon appeared like ranges of *empty bottles*. Had it not been for the

distinctness with which the number of the regiment shone forth from the breast-plate, the beholders might have supposed that the gallant Major belonged to the *Marines*.

Bassoon was still very particular about his boots, and his hat was always well brushed. He maintained, that if you had the extremities of the person well got up, the intermediate parts did not signify. He was really a good man ; the soldiers' best friend, ever ready to promote their welfare. Always studying their comfort, he was, in a manner, looked up to as the father of the regiment. Those who were conversant with his earlier life, knew that a noble heart beat under an exterior tinged perhaps with a few trifling absurdities ; and there were some who could tell how the old soldier's love for the fair sex had been the cause of great anguish of mind to himself, while his generous nature had not shrunk

from the sacrifice of his own happiness for the sake of that of another.

It was during the winter's sojourn which followed the last but one of our Peninsular campaigns (in all of which the Major had served), that he had obtained his company, and had been appointed aide-de-camp to Colonel Hervey. The Colonel had a daughter, who had remained in Spain with her father during the last three years of the war. She was young, and lovely in no common degree ; but tinged with a deep melancholy, from which it was difficult to arouse her. The circumstance of being aid-de-camp to her father, threw Bassoon much into Ellen's society ; after no very lengthened acquaintance, he was induced to offer her his hand. She accepted him conditionally only ; stating that her affections had been deeply wounded—that she thought it right to tell him this—but that if, after a given time,

he still wished to make her his wife, she was willing to do her best to make him happy.

Time flew on; the Spanish campaign was finished; the battles of Orthes and Toulouse had completely cleared Spain of her French invaders. Colonel Hervey and his daughter returned to England, accompanied by Captain Bassoon. He had flattered himself that he had secured the best affections of his betrothed. Ellen appeared to appreciate his uncommon devotion more and more, and he looked forward to the no distant time when he might claim his prize.

Napoleon suddenly appeared in arms; and the battle of Waterloo was the consequence. Colonel Hervey was present, with his aid-de-camp, and both escaped unhurt from that sanguinary field, and joined Ellen at Brussels. Miss Hervey, in common with other women, went about to relieve the wounded, and met amongst them the object of her former, of her still deep preference. He had been taken

prisoner by the French in Portugal ; had been restored at the close of the Peninsular war—just in time to take part in the glorious eighteenth of June.

The effect on Ellen was instantaneous. She forgot all that Bassoon had felt for her—all his noble qualities and devoted affection. Her former lover, wounded—dying—was not one instant from her thoughts. She knew him unworthy—knew that he had been more than suspected of having committed excesses at the storming of Badajos—yet, such is woman, let her once love with devotion, and nothing can eradicate the passion.

Bassoon soon discerned the truth. He might have claimed her promise, which her father most earnestly enforced : she even offered, worn out by the conflict, to fulfil the hated engagement. Bassoon loved her wildly ; but not for one moment did he endeavour to influence her. He spoke to the recovered and now deeply

repentant and devoted Lyndsay ; he interested himself with some powerful friends to get him a good appointment ; conquered his own feelings sufficiently to give him his betrothed ; then embarked for America, and tried to forget, in the excitement of active service, his intense misery. On his return to England, after an absence of nine years, Ellen's grave alone remained. Lyndsay did not long remain changed ; dissipated, hard, cold, and heartless, after a very few months Ellen found out her mistake, and was laid by the side of her father, in her native place

Bassoon never recovered the blow. He found much solace in a pursuit just about to be mentioned. He liked his glass of port wine, and was a great favourite amongst the youngsters. He retained a chivalrous feeling towards women, free from any disappointed sourness ; he still felt invariably interested in a beautiful face and form, and still more so did he suspect the woman of

a preference for a soldier, to whatever rank she belonged. Many were the officers' widows he had protected, and many the wives to whom he had given tidings of a wounded and disabled husband. His devotion to his profession was intense ; nor was there any drawback to his admirable understanding of it, but his long and uncontrollable fits of absence. He had, like every one else, his "weak point ;" and, to come to that point, it was music. For nearly five-and-twenty years he had been strumming upon the violincello, and, during the whole of that long period of practise, had made little or no progress. He had a slight squint in one eye, which, together with his continual strumming, was the source of much joking amongst the young wags of the regiment. One declared that he had a good eye for looking down a French horn ; another, that he supposed he must have an *eye* for music, as no one could accuse him of having any ear.

Poor Bassoon ! there was but one song he had at his fingers' ends—that excessively pretty one about a “Bunch of blue ribbons, and no one coming to marry me,” beginning—

Dear ! dear, what can the matter be ?

Johnny so long at the fair.

But the rock upon which he split was “The Dashing White Sergeant.” For days—ay, often for nights, would he fag away at it, yet he never could hit off the air.

At the moment that our hero reached the quarters of the Adjutant, Mr. Pace-stick, and requested to be taken by him to the commanding officer's, and introduced to Major Bassoon, that individual was sitting before his music-stand, violincello in hand, his portly person enveloped in a flannel dressing-gown, with which he had replaced his undress frock coat after dismissing the parade. His music-book was open at the eternal “Dashing White Sergeant.” The

Major had, for the first time in his life, hit off the air to his satisfaction ; and, in consequence was all excitement ; he worked himself into a perfect frenzy, stamping the floor with his right foot, his eyes rolling wildly.

A loud knock at the door, sufficient to awaken one of the seven sleepers, had no sort of effect on our fanatic ; he continued stamping and strumming ;

In varying cadence, soft or strong,

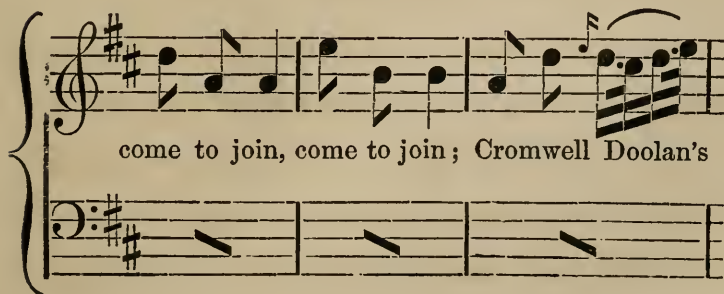
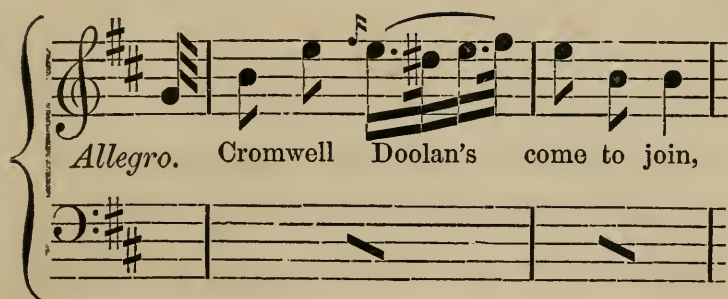
He swept the sounding cords along.

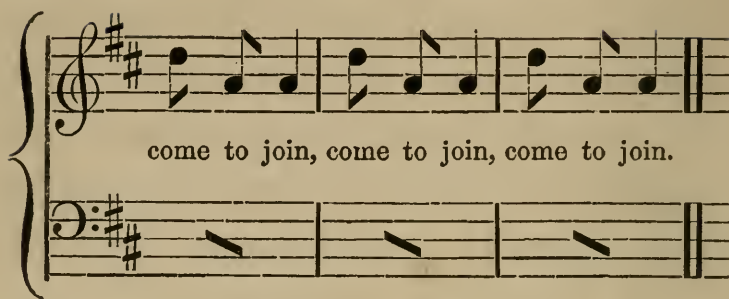
After repeated unanswered applications, Mr. Pace-stick made his appearance before the Major, announcing, at the same time, that Mr. Cromwell Doolan had come to join.

The Major had so completely got into the swing, that nothing less than a mutiny of “ the —— ” could have affected his understanding ; his face was perfectly scarlet, and his right foot and right elbow stamped and twitched until the

old floor resounded again. Once more the Adjutant repeated "Mr. Cromwell Doolan's come to join;" and, finding that no notice was taken of either, closed the door, and left our hero confronting the musician.

The last announcement, however, was not lost upon the Major, for, without once taking his eyes off his music-book, he set our hero to music, thus :—





CHAPTER V.

A rat! a rat ! dead for a ducat ; dead.

HAMLET.

Two days after our hero had been set to music, he found himself set to the “goose step,” that most tiresome introduction to the act of marching in slow time. This, however, he soon accomplished.

It was a rule in the regiment that no officer should be dismissed from drill until he was perfect in all the duties of a private soldier as well as able to manœuvre the battalion.

The system, which was an admirable one, was based upon the principle that, unless an officer was perfectly *au fait* himself in all the minutiae of the drill, he could not possibly correct the faults of others under his command; a method long pursued by the regiments composing the light division, and now universally carried out through the army.

Cromwell soon became a great favourite in the dépôt; all hands liked him; in short, he was what is vulgarly called "the life and soul of the mess," the promoter of all fun amongst the young heads; whilst, at the same time, he showed the greatest consideration and attention to the comfort of the soldiers. The old Major, too, became attached to him, and, (now that he had accomplished the air), would often set him to the tune of "The Dashing White Sergeant."

About a month after Cromwell had been dismissed drill, the corps received an addition,

in the person of a certain Ensign Cornelius O'Toole, a regular specimen of a raw and unlicked cub.

The first day he joined, to the great amusement of all present, he drank off the water in the cooler placed by his side to hold his wine-glass ; he had evidently never seen one before, and, before the cloth was removed, he contrived to get exceedingly "screwed," and began to entertain the mess with an account of his father's four-in-hand,* blood bays, and

* It is only fair to acquaint the reader—lest he may have formed his ideas of and "four-in-hands," from that of "Sir Henry Peyton," and his well-appointed "greys," that a person exists who informed us that he perfectly and distinctly recollected seeing one of these equipages yecept "*four-in-hands*," dragging the family coach to church, and the sensation it always caused amongst the country people. But, oh ! shades of the B. D. C. !—they were all brood mares, harnessed together, with their foals running alongside,

the family place, Blazeaway Castle, in Conne-mara, in the far West.

He informed them that he had been sent to Dublin by his father to learn manners, and to be made a gentleman of; adding, with great *naïveté*, that it had perfectly succeeded. He went on to say that, after the completion of his education in Dublin, he became so refined and gentlemanlike, that he was obliged to point out to "the old buffer," as he dutifully called his governor, on his return, some very flagrant deficiencies in the conveniencies of Blazeaway Castle, and to insist upon their being immediately made good.

neighing and playing, and were ridden by two postillions, who, having but one pair of top-boots between them, by a judicious and admirable arrangement, contrived to "take in" the admiring beholders, by wearing a boot each on the outside, concealing their right and half-naked legs between the portly carcasses of the four "blood-bays!"

Corney O'Toole had taken his birthright from his elder brother, Patrick, in a different manner, but quite as effectually, as the patriarch Jacob. The O'Toole, his father, was descended from a very old Milesian family, and, like the "O'Connor Don," or "the Knight of Kerry," of the present day, considered himself a chieftain, and, together with his feudal possession of Blazeaway Castle, inherited the gout. In early life, and indeed, all through life, he had been passionately fond of shooting; it was, with the exception of consuming hogsheads of claret, his only occupation; but, at length, from the swollen state of his feet, he was prevented from joining in the chase, and, hence was left with no other pastime than his claret. Rabbit-shooting had been his favourite sport, but, being now debarred from it, he was struck with the bright idea of encouraging the rats with which the castle swarmed, a great part of it being in a ruinous state.

They would prove an excellent substitute for the rabbits, and be always at hand and ready for sport. Accordingly, by turning out about five dozen old rats, and giving them plenty of feeding, in a very few months his preserve had become so well stocked, that he thought it time to begin shooting. He had his fowling-pieces *raséd* for the purpose, and took up his position, seated on a pig-trough turned bottom upwards, in a broad corridor, whither he was wheeled in a kind of rudely-constructed Bath chair.

The eldest son, Patrick O'Toole, although he had never been sent up to Dublin to learn manners, was so disgusted with his father's proceedings, that he openly declared that, "if ever Blazeaway Castle came to him, he would destroy every rat!" Corney, on the contrary, if he had not succeeded in the desired object of his visit to Dublin, had profited sufficiently by his sojourn there to learn duplicity and cunning

enough to accommodate himself to his father's whims ; and accordingly, beat the rats out for him, bolted them across the passage with terriers, cheered him after every successful shot, loaded his second gun, and swore that he was the best shot in all Galway. The squealing of the wounded rats, the shouts of Corney, and the rapid discharge of the O'Toole's fowling-pieces, made the dilapidated old passages of the house ring again, and proclaimed to all within hearing the success of the battues at Blazeaway Castle.

Corney O'Toole's aspect was not prepossessing: he was snub-nosed, short, thick-set, and clumsy. However well he might have done for rat-hunting amongst the Blazers of Galway, it very soon became evident he would not do for "the ——." He was voted a "Mug," a slang word in vogue in the regiment—originally, we believe, taken from some work on the castes and tribes of India. The "Mugs" were therein described as a remarkably

fine race of men, who “wore swords.” As the wearing of a sword was Corney’s only recommendation, he obtained the *soubriquet* of “Mug O’Toole.”

To lead him a life of torment was considered as quite fair play, and our hero, in particular, played him every kind of trick. Among them, one of the first was on the occasion of his being put on *extra*, to learn his duty as orderly officer for the day. Cromwell made him draw his sword, and follow him in his inspection of the men’s dinners ; and the “Mug” did as he was bid, and marched in and out of all the rooms where the men were at mess, in the most dignified manner, amidst the suppressed laughter of the soldiers. Soon after, Cromwell persuaded Corney, just before he was dismissed drill, that he ought, as a mark of respect to the commanding officer, to act as his orderly for one day. He was actually induced to dress himself in private’s clothing, borrowed from his

servant; to put on a cross-belt and bayonet, and stand at the Major's door. He began pacing up and down in front of Bassoon's quarters, waiting for that august personage to make his appearance, that he might report himself. Cromwell allowed him to walk up and down for nearly an hour, to the great delight of a party of subs, who looked on from the mess-room windows: they calculated upon Bassoon's good nature in case of a discovery, or they never would have dared to play such a trick. Luckily, it happened that he did not leave his room during the time, and Corney only found out the joke by the shouts of laughter which assailed him from the merry group, as they came down, *en masse*, to confront him.

The "Mug" nightly imbibed more mess port than was good for him, and the sort of life he led may be easily imagined. He constantly awoke of a morning, to find all his furniture even to the bed he slept upon, in the barrack-

yard. Cromwell often expected to be shot, like one of the rats at Blazeaway Castle, but his love of mischief was too great to allow him to stop. On one occasion, whilst quartered at Mullingar, all the regiment were in preparation for a county ball, which was to come off that evening at the head inn. At mess, Cromwell sate next the "Mug," who evidently considered that the ball would be a failure without his presence; and, in order that that presence might be as perfect as possible, he meditated the transmogrification of his hair—which generally hung about his face like a pound of candles, into Hyperion curls. He, therefore, in the course of conversation, asked our hero "who was the best barber in the town?" as he wanted to have his hair curled. "On this hint," Cromwell "spake," informing the inquirer that he had seen Mr. Bergamot, of Athlone, a celebrated artist, going about the barracks, and offered to send him to O'Toole's quarters.

Our hero retired somewhat earlier than usual, dressed himself as a barber, and, in due time, made his way to Corney's room ; sent up an old card which he happened to have, of the hairdresser's, knocked at the door, and was admitted.

His announcement ran as follows :—

“ A watchful eye on your precious heads.”

J. BERGAMOT,

(LATE OF DUBLIN),

HAIR DRESSER,

BASTION STREET, ATHLONE,

Respectfully informs the Officers of the Garrison and the Gentlemen of Athlone and its Vicinity, that he carries on the above business, and trusts, by attention, to merit a continuance of that patronage which he has met with for the last eight years ; and from his experience in the house of Mr. Lard, of Grafton Street, Dublin, challenges any man in this town and vicinity to CUT HAIR equal to him.

N.B.—Gentlemen's Razors Set in the best manner.

CAN BE HEARD OF AT ANY OF THE HOTELS.

His disguise was so perfect—apron, irons, and all, that, though they had parted not three quarters of an hour before, he did not in the least see through it, and desired Cromwell to cut his hair.

Our hero had served no sort of apprenticeship in hair-dressing, all he knew being that it was effected by means of curling-irons, and that they required to be heated for use: he accordingly thrust a couple of pairs between the bars of the grate, and, whilst they were heating, opened a conversation, as all good and intelligent barbers should; touching upon every topic, from the weather to the last piece of scandal in the neighbourhood, at the same time rubbing a double handful of bear's grease into Corney's hair.

By the time he had got to the end of his gossip, he had transferred all the bear's grease to O'Toole's head. By this time he thought the curling-irons would be sufficiently hot for use,

and so they were, being all but red hot; if it had not been for the cord with which the handles were bound, Cromwell could not have held them in his hands. Luckily, the port had done its usual office on the Mug, and he had fallen, during the greasing process, into a sort of half doze, which prevented his discovering their heat. Our hero proceeded with his work most carefully: had he not done so, or had he allowed the irons to go too near the bullet-shaped head of Corney, the excessive heat must have burned the skin, and he would have been forbidden to proceed: accordingly, he was obliged to go to work very delicately. On the first application of the irons to the hair, it regularly frizzled again, under the combined influences of heat and bear's grease; and, for a moment, Corney moved his head; but the fumes of the port were more powerful than the heat of the irons: he soon relapsed into his doze, and our hero contrived to frizzle up all the

hair into little lumps, which resembled sausages set on end much more than curls.

Cromwell, when he had finished his task, surveyed his work with great content : his only fear was lest his victim should attempt to brush out any of the curls before he could effect his escape, as he perceived that he had so singed all the hair that nothing but the exceeding tightness of the curl, or *crépé*, prevented it from falling off. He therefore impressed upon Corney that he must not attempt to use a comb or brush, or to disturb his curls ; for that, before he had been five minutes at the ball, the heat of the room would cause them to subside into the most perfect undulations. Corney promised obedience, gave half-a-crown to the impostor, who “pocketed the affront,” and left the room. “The Mug,” carrying his cap in hand, started for the ball : his sash was girthed as tightly as possible round his clumsy waist ; his epaulettes, (things which always make a man look vulgar)

made *him* look doubly so ; the remains of the port gave an absurd additional swagger to his usual *lob-lolloping* gait, and he rolled into the ball-room the very personification of Punch's Military Snob.

O'Toole was not long in finding a partner : officers are at a premium in Ireland. He led out the fair object of his choice, and stood up to dance a quadrille. He preserved his equilibrium exceedingly well, and went '*glisséing, pirouetteing and chassé-croiséing*, a good deal less peacefully than, but quite as correctly as, a dancing-master. For the three first figures, he contrived to steer himself *admirablement bien*, amidst the labyrinth of dancers ; and his *piquéd*-looking, frizzled head of hair, still stood. Whether he had made great progress in his attentions to his partner, or the excitement of the dance and the heat of the room had caused the wine to get further into his head, and thus given him additional confidence, so it was that the O'Toole

became more and more intimate with his partner, and, when all joined hands in the last figure, he approached his head so close to hers, for the purpose of whispering “soft nonsense” into her pretty ear, that it unluckily came in contact with her flushed cheek. A scream! In an instant she was surrounded by half the people in the room,—her lovely white shoulders and bosom were covered with singed hair! She put her hand to her head, and became pacified when she found her luxuriant curls all right; she next looked up at our Mug, who appeared as if he had had one side of his head shaved;—the whole of the burnt, charred and frizzled locks had chipped off. “Oh, Captain! your hair!” from the young lady, and “the Mug” put up his hand to feel for his curls. On the other side, the slightest touch was enough: off came the rest, and fell in a shower on the floor. Fuming with rage, and with both his hands holding his

unlucky, negro-looking head, O'Toole bolted, in search of the supposed author of his discomfiture. Cromwell had been unable to resist boasting of his exploit, and, as Corney cleared the door of the ball-room, he distinctly heard loud shouts of laughter, followed by the words which headed Mr. T. Bergamot's card—

A watchful eye on your precious heads.

It so happened that the real Mr. Bergamot was actually in the hotel: a young officer of heavy dragoons, Mr. Shabraque, had brought him over with him from Athlone, where, as his card set forth, he challenged any man in the town or vicinity to cut hair equal to him. At the very moment that our hero rushed distractedly out, to vent his rage on the innocent barber, he met the head-waiter, who volunteered to go in search. Bergamot, after having arranged the cornet's head, had refreshed

himself with sundry glasses of whisky punch, from the effects of which, feeling rather sleepy, and seeing the cornet's door invitingly open, he thought it a good opportunity to take a little horizontal refreshment; and, stretching himself on the dragoon's bed, was soon fast in the "arms of Murphy."

"The Mug" not succeeding in his search, and the head-waiter being called another way, he turned back to the ball-room, to look for further help, and, meeting our hero, who had followed him out of the room, to see the end of it, without the smallest suspicion, asked his assistance. They began opening every door in succession, and soon discovered the barber. Cromwell, who did not care to be found out as the author of the rape of the locks, prevented the execution of the summary vengeance about to be taken on the unconscious Bergamot, and advised O'Toole to leave his punishment in

the hands of the cornet—and, to ensure it, they inducted the sleeper into the helmet and undress habiliments, (sword and all), of the absent dragoon, and covered him up with the bed-clothes.

CHAPTER VI.

Quit, Captain!—Oh! my shoe.

MISS EDGEWORTH.

It is now time to go back to our friend Filagree, whom we have somewhat neglected during the introduction of “the Mug” into the regiment. He had taken it into his head that, during his sojourn in this land of lakes, it was the correct thing to take to angling: he ordered every publication he could think of on the subject, from Izaak Walton downwards, and was a precious god-send to Martin Kelly, having bought up a large amount of rods, reels, and shop-flies of every colour under the sun.

One peculiarly bright day, when no real angler would have dreamed of fishing, he started for the green waters of Lough Owel, which he whipped for many hours. Becoming, at last, weary of the fruitless attempt, he stuck his rods upright in the end of the boat, and rowed to shore, where, picking out a soft mossy bank, he threw himself upon his back, and lit a cigar.

He had not been long in this horizontal position when he descried a female form, with a book, meandering through the groves of Clanhugh, shading her fiery red ringlets, and somewhat freckled features, under a green parasol; her dress rather *retroussé*, for the convenience of walking, and exposing a well-turned ankle to the admiring gaze of Filagree. One look was sufficient to set the inflammable youth on fire. The young lady, on her part, seemed also to have caught the infection, for she passed several times in review order before our Muffin, apparently intent upon her book:

but he thought otherwise, and fancied that her eyes were occasionally gently elevated above her study, and directed towards himself. He adjusted his hat well on one side, and, followed by dog Furzebos, with his usual assurance deliberately proceeded to accost her.

This time, however, the intervention of the charming little dog Fuzz was not required. The book became the medium of breaking the ice; he began to inquire the nature of her studies.

“ Was it a novel ?—What was it ?—Was it an Italian story ? ”

The third time of asking had the desired effect. Her eyes were not raised from the ground, but a gentle

“ Yes, Sir,” was lisped from the pouting lips of the wood-nymph.

The Muffin-worrier proceeded :

“ May I venture to guess what is your study ? Is it ‘ *Pensez à Moi !* ’ ”

“Yes, Sir,” escaped from the lady’s lips ; her eyes being, apparently, fixed upon the grasshoppers which sported forth, disturbed, in rather a coquettish manner, by her pretty foot.

This frank admission as to the nature of her studies, so much excited Filagree’s curiosity, that he made a gentle attempt to take the fair hand which contained the *soi-disant Italian* story. Whether he was too abrupt in the endeavour, or the lady became alarmed at the rapidity of his advances, we know not ; but the book fell from her hand, and opened at the title-page, which revealed the name of its possessor : ‘Euphemia O’Shaughnessy, her book’ ; and ‘Love and Marriage’ its title !

Miss Euphemia O’Shaughnessy looked somewhat ashamed at the discovery. ‘Love and Marriage’ served Filagree’s turn quite as well as ‘*Pensez à Moi.*’ In ten minutes Miss O’Shaughnessy had merged into Euphemia, and in ten more she was leaning on the

Muffin-worrier's arm, and answering to the name of "Phemy."

By this time a change had come over the day ; dark clouds began to collect ; fat drops of rain began to fall, and every boat but Filagree's was pushed off, and the occupants had begun to angle : the Muffin, however, had already hooked his fish.

Sauntering along the beautiful beech groves which fringe the shores of Lough Owel in the demesnes of Clanhugh, and holding an umbrella over the head of 'Phemy,' the Muffin soon found himself confronting "the Lodge."

Mamma, of course, was much obliged to *Captain* Filagree, as she would insist on calling him ; the weather threatened rain ; she politely requested that he would remain for dinner. The Muffin accepted the invitation, and Fuzbos stood upon his hind legs, as if in acknowledgment of the compliment.

We are sorry to be obliged to show up the vulgarity of the young lady, or the ill-breeding of our Philanderer; but, at dinner, he prosecuted his addresses both above and below board. For awhile, the young lady bore the gentle pressure apparently without much objection, but, in the midst of a dead silence, pirating the *bêtise* of Miss Edgeworth's heroine—whether consciously or not is uncertain—she electrified the company by exclaiming, in a rich and refreshing brogue,

“Quit, Captain! och! my shoe!”

Utterly disgusted with this *exposé*, the Muffin lost his self-possession, and, muttering something about a change in the weather, and a fine fishing-evening, took leave.

Not long after the *Pensez à Moi* affair, the dépôt of the regiment received the route for Dublin, where they in due time arrived, and put up for the night in the Royal Barracks. Cromwell observed that the great clock over the archway

forming the entrance into the inner square, was taken down; for the purpose, no doubt, of being cleaned. This clock was the oracle, from which the drummers and buglers of the different corps in the barracks, and the neighbouring population, took the time. A black board filled up the circular space which should have been occupied by the clock; the ladder had not been removed, and remained reared against the wall.

Cromwell got some white paint, mounted the ladder at night, and succeeded in sketching in a most admirable face, of sinister expression, having one eye closed, and with a hand the thumb of which was placed to the nose, the fingers being stretched out in the manner of "the waterman-fireman." Next morning, at sunrise, according to custom, the drummers and buglers, headed by their respective drum-majors, proceeded to the archway, in order to beat or sound off the "*réveillée*:" on

looking up, there was the waterman-fireman; and there were they.

We once more return to Filagree. Three months had elapsed since the arrival of the regiment in Dublin; the Muffin-worrier missed not a single tea-party. The hunting-season was approaching, and as he made a point of doing everything in its season, he bought a couple of horses of Mr. Hunt—who is celebrated for fair dealing. He ordered all the paraphernalia necessary, not one part of which he knew how to put on; his whole turn out was as cock-tail as it was possible to be; his breeches, instead of being made to button at the knee, were fashioned like pantaloons; and, in order to represent the buttons used to fasten them below the knee, he had a row sewed upon his leather garments, extending half way down his leg. His boots came but half way up his calves, where they encountered the lowest button, and

were fastened. His spurs he buckled tightly round his insteps. The consequence to the poor brute in such a case is dreadful ; for, instead of the spurs serving as a “reminder” to the animal, as they do when fastened loosely, they cut like a knife ; and, as the Muffin was anything but a good horseman, and had a fashion of “rowing” with his legs, he was continually goading his unfortunate beast.

One of his horses was called “Trepan,” the other rejoiced in the name of “Glass Bottle.” The first derived his appellation from the circumstance of his late possessor having ridden him over a terrific five-barred gate, when out with the Ward hounds one day, in the neighbourhood of the Black Bull—one of the best meets, at which were assembled all the hard riders from Dublin. It was said there would be “wicked riding” that day. A deer was enlarged, and went straight for Howth ; for five miles it was a regular race. The ‘Lough of the Bay,’ a wide ditch

in the Ashbourne country, was rushed at ; several got over, but many got in, and the field became select, the hounds still going racing pace. At length they came to a tremendously high park wall, perfectly unjumpable, with the above-mentioned gate, studded with nails and iron spikes at top. Some jumped off their horses, and tried to lift the gate off its hinges ; others got huge stones, to batter the lock to pieces, but all to no purpose ; they could make no impression upon the obstacle. At length, the owner of "Trepan" jumped upon his back, clapped both spurs into his flanks, and, hallooing out—"Here goes, boys ! touch or Trepan !" cleared the gate, spikes and all. The horse was sold soon after to Mr. Hunt,—in consequence of his owner having broken his head.

His other horse, "Glass Bottle," was also a celebrated jumper, or, as they say in Galway, "an illigint lep't horse. He was bought by Hunt at Ballinasloe fair, where he discovered

him ridden in a halter, by a boy. Mr. Hunt inquired if he could jump ?

“Lep is it, Surr ? Thin the sorra a betther lep’t horse in all Gall-way.”

“Then let us see you take him over that wall,” said Mr. Hunt, pointing to an old garden wall, the lowest part of which was little less than six feet, in parts studded with broken glass.

“Is it where the glass bottles is, ye’r honour ?” and, before Hunt could reply, the solitary spur fastened to the boy’s bare left leg, was driven into his side, and the animal flew over the wall, glass bottles and all.

The Muffin-worrier found himself possessed of these two celebrated “lep’t horses ;” it was next to impossible to throw them down, if fairly ridden ; but Filagree was a wretched horseman. He did not want nerve, and would ride at anything ; but he had no idea of saving a horse, or giving him fair play. He rode with a loose rein, and so long as the animal could go, he let him do so.

One day, a celebrated deer, known as "the Carton Doe," was turned out, at the sixth mile stone on the Ashbourne road, and a large field was collected. Away went Filagree, Glass Bottle's head high in air; the snaffle rein, which connected the bit with the rider's hands, looming a tremendous distance, and the Muffin's legs working away for life and death, at the horse's flanks.

The splendid animal carried him over hedge and ditch, grass and fallow fields, to the very tail of the hounds. Mr. Huggins's performance at the Epping Hunt, as portrayed by the inimitable Hood, and that of our friend of Edmonton celebrity, were "a joke" to him; it was perfectly fearful to see the way the Muffin-worrier and Glass Bottle took their fences—walls, double ditches, and positive canals; whilst Filagree, with his hands up to his chin, had no power over his horse.

The Carton Doe kept up her reputation on

that day ; and, for seven miles, straight forward and without a check, Glass Bottle kept the lead. There had been floods of rain the week before, and the ground was unusually deep ; the doe, also, had taken a line where there was more “ plough ” than is in general to be found in this fine country. Goaded by the incessant application of his rider’s spurs, panting from the violent exertions of floundering through the deep fallow, and with his head high in air, almost at a right angle to his body—Glass Bottle came down upon the Lough of the Bay, at a point where it was a perfect “ yawner ; ” the widest part of this terrible dyke, rendered doubly nasty by the quantity of water. It was a “ bumper ; ” full to the very brim.

With all the wind pumped out of his body, and taking off out of a ploughed field, the noble animal made a tremendous effort to clear the flood ; he regularly spread himself, as it were, in the air ; but to no purpose. He fell, pitching

his rider, head over heels, on to the opposite bank, where he lay, perfectly senseless, with his feet towards the brook, and in the manner that falls are represented, during the steeple-chase season, in that weekly emporium of sketches, the "Illustrated London News."

Our Muffin lay for some time on the broad of his back; one by one, as the field came up and saw him extended on the opposite side, and Glass Bottle floundering about in the water, they turned their horses' heads up or down stream, to search for a practicable place.

At length, a couple of labourers went to his rescue, and, finding him apparently lifeless, set to work to undress him, an operation which astonished them not a little. First they pulled off a pair of white buck-skin gloves, half way over which were drawn muffitees of crimson silk; they next extracted a pair of green, cloud-coloured agate buttons, with which the scarlet coat was clasped across his breast—all the time,

making sundry jokes as to his gaudy and superabundant clothing. They then withdrew a magnificent pin, of gold and purple enamel, from a blue satin neckcloth, upon which flowers and flower-pots were embroidered in clusters. Having unwound the roll of satin from his neck, and opened his coat, they discovered a waistcoat embroidered, in Berlin wool, upon canvas, a *cadeau* from a lady ; this elicited several jokes, amongst which was one which likened it to “ Terry Coffey’s Carpet-bag.” On opening the carpet-bag, they came to a scarlet under-waistcoat, of French cashmere, with sleeves : that unbuttoned, and a most elaborately-embroidered pair of sky-blue silk braces came to light, and one of them remarked, that “ he’d cut a mighty illigant figure suspended from the drop at Kilmainham in thim same gallowses !” But what surprised them most of all, was his shirt. It was a cotton one, stamped all over with red figures of ballet-dancers, in the act of making

wonderful *pas de force*. The one who was at his head, and saw the figures inverted, took them for fuchsias ; but the other, who saw them in their true Taglioni position, exclaimed—

“Och, by my shoul, Tim ! that bangs Banagher ! As I’m a sinner, they are all famales !”

Pat unbuttoned the shirt, when, to his utter astonishment, he saw another pink Jersey, or Guernsey, frock, of spun silk. This was enough for them, and Tim exclaimed,

“Lave him there ; he’s not a man at all at all, shure ; he’s a Pa-cock !”

CHAPTER VII.

What opened next? The door.

It opened with a most infernal creak,
Like that of hell ; “ *Lasciate ogni Speranza*
Voi che entrate !” the hinge seemed to speak,
Dreadful as Dante’s rhyme or as this stanza.

The door flew wide, not swiftly, but as fly
The sea-gulls, with a steady sober flight—
And then swung back ; not close, but stood awry,
Half letting in long shadow on the sight.

DON JUAN, CANTO 16.

To any one fond of yachting in all its
branches, from a row in one of Waterman’s
gigs to a cruise in one of Symonds’ line-of-

battle ships, there is no place more attractive than Plymouth, to say nothing of its mild climate, its pretty women, strawberries, and clotted cream.

Thither the —— were ordered, from Dublin. Cromwell loved the very smell of pitch and tar; to him the magnificent dock-yard—the Hamoaze, full of men of war in ordinary, were an endless source of amusement. Rowing in his gig under one of these huge leviathans of the deep, he would pause to gaze on her lofty sides, bristling with cannon, while the noble fellows who manned her looked out of the ports, or lay carelessly along the guns.

The swell of the sea, which tosses a skiff as if it would rock it to pieces, has no effect on those enormous masses of wood, iron, and cordage. There is nothing which ought to be more flattering to the pride of an Englishman than passing along the side of a hundred-and-twenty gun ship, contemplating the wooden

walls of old England, and her jolly tars. Such was ever its effect on our hero. The duty at Plymouth and Devonport was rather severe ; the “depôt” of “the ——” were quartered in George’s Square Barracks, at Devonport, and came in for their full share of guards and picquets. Cromwell never objected to find himself in the dock-yard ; there was always much to interest and amuse, from the laying down the lines of a first-rate, to the “stepping” of her masts, by means of the mammoth “shears.” The society of naval officers, whom they met in good fellowship with their mess, tended to cement the good-will of the two services. Shooting and fishing, in their season, on the wilds of Dartmoor ; a row up the beautiful river, to Pentilly Castle ; pic-nics, or a cruise to the Eddystone, varied their existence, together with, as we have already said, the addition of pretty women, strawberries, and cream.

One day, when marching a party through Stonehouse, Filagree saw a pair of feet and ankles getting into a carriage, one glance of which was enough: he thought he had never seen anything so perfect before. Though entirely done for, he had just sufficient recollection left to glance at the house, and the door from which he had seen the feet and ankles *débouche*—(as yet, he had not caught sight of the face of the possessor of these attractive terminations,) and, with “half an eye,” he perceived that she belonged to No. 9.

No sooner had the Muffin dismissed his men, than he put on plain clothes, and started on a voyage of discovery to Stony Street, in which was situate the identical No. 9. A twopenny postman, hurrying along, distributing the contents of his bag, was the first person he lit upon, and gave him the desired information:—the house belonged to Admiral Pennant, a retired admiral of the red.

Filagree walked up and down the street for nearly an hour and a half, first on one side, then crossing over to the other, during which time there was no re-appearance of the object of his admiration. He was not, however, idle, nor did he throw away his time, for he had made several careful observations. No. 9, had windows to the back as well as to the front ; those to the back looked straight across the water which divides Stonehouse from the fortifications which surround the Government Parade of Devonport. The latter commands Stonehouse.

In another quarter of an hour, the possessor of the feet and ankles was discovered by our Muffin, crossing at the head of the street, having a little girl in charge. This time Fuzboz was brought into requisition. He was more ridiculous than ever ; stood upon his hind legs, grinned, pirouetted, and ran after his tail, in the most ludicrous manner. He soon attracted the

little girl's attention, and thus the introduction was effected. Before they parted, a telegraphic correspondence was duly arranged.

On his way back, Filagree bought himself a couple of glass seals, with appropriate French mottoes (have we said that the lady was a French woman ?)—Cupid tearing a heart from a thorn-bush ; “ *Nul plaisir sans peine ;*” and a pin, with “ *Je pique, mais j’attache.*” He next rewarded dog Fuzboz with half-a-dozen savoy cakes, his favourite refection.

As the windows of the guard-room commanded a view of those to the rear of No. 9, and thus enabled him to keep up the arranged telegraphic correspondence with the new *objet aimé*, Filagree invariably volunteered to take the main guard. Mademoiselle Prunella Melnotte—for that was her name—was a governess, attendant on Admiral Pennant's daughter. She possessed the fascinating manner natural to her country-women, and the Muffin, from making

love, *à la distance*, upon the glacis of Devonport, soon came to the second approach, and fired off numbers of *billets-doux*. Mademoiselle Melnotte, in her turn, provided herself with seals, which were as ingenious as his, and Filagree never discovered that they were in slang phraseology, and exceedingly *snubby*; such as, the devil wheeling Cupid in a barrow, "*Le diable emporte l'amour*:" Cupid riding on a donkey "*Tels sont mes sujets*." But "the unkindest cut of all" was an English one—a violin and D D—*Fiddle-de-dee*!

One day, when Filagree was on the main guard, and in the act of sealing one of his billets, Cromwell rushed into his guard-room, with the information that an order had just come from the Horse-Guards for his embarkation in the course of ten days, to join the head-quarters of the regiment, at Gibraltar, and that, in all probability, the line-of-battle

ship in which he was to go out would be ready for sea in that time. This news was a death-blow to Filagree's flirtation with the Melnotte: a postscript was accordingly added to his already lengthy billet, notifying his departure. In half an hour, he received an answer, stating that the Admiral, his daughters, and the lady herself, were all going on a visit in the neighbourhood, and that Filagree and Cromwell were both to be asked to join the party, which invitation she hoped he would make a point of accepting. Her note was sealed with gold and brown wax, stamped with a tombstone, and "*Après le travail il y a repos.*" Cromwell agreed to accept the invitation, and Filagree danced about in an ecstasy, whistling "When lovely woman stoops to folly."

Fairy Hall was just the house for practical jokes—for blindman's buff, and battledoor and shuttlecock; and this latter was an amusement

in which Mademoiselle Melnotte particularly delighted. She accordingly victimized the unfortunate Muffin for hours, commencing the game by taking up her position on the top of the first flight of stairs, leaving him at the bottom. The unfortunate victim could not keep his eyes from her feet and ankles, of which he had a full view every time she started or struck the shuttlecock: of course he invariably missed hitting it, every time, and, what with incessantly stooping to pick up the feathered nuisance, and striking at Furzebush, who would run and bark at it, he had anything but an enviable time of it.

The party had now been three days at Fairy Hall: Filagree had laid very close siege during the time, and, apparently Mademoiselle Melnotte was much flattered by his attentions; at least, she was clever enough to make him think so. The next day, the party were to break up, and

but one more night remained ere their visit would terminate. Philip Augustus, fancying he had already made the necessary breach in the heart of the lady, determined upon carrying the fortress by storm. Cromwell had acted a friend's part ; had made love to both the Miss Pennants, and, together with Mr. Surplice, the young curate of a neighbouring parish, had so completely engrossed their attention, that they never once thought of Mademoiselle Prunella's flirtation. Filagree had extracted a promise from her that she would listen to what he had to say, and receive him in her room that night, after the family had retired ; and that, for fear of mistakes, she would only just close her door, and tie a bit of blue ribbon to the handle. The doors of the rooms opened into a long gallery, or corridor, which also contained many more apartments than those occupied by our party from Plymouth.

It was about two o'clock in the morning,

when the Muffin, enveloped in his dressing-gown, quietly opened his door, and listened attentively. The moon shone bright and clear, and cast into shadow the whole length of one side of the corridor. He held his breath, and listened for some minutes ; not a sound did he hear, save the monotonous ticking of the great clock on the landing. He allowed some ten or fifteen minutes to elapse, and, hearing nothing, he came to the conclusion that all in that part of the house slept. He accordingly sallied forth on a voyage of discovery, in search of the blue ribbon. He was aware that the Melnotte's room was one of two at the very end of the long gallery ; which, he knew not, and was quite dumfounded on discovering that blue ribbons were attached to both the doors, which were *vis-à-vis*.

Which, then, was hers ?—neither of the doors were quite shut. Who might be in the room he should first attempt ? He hesitated, and again

listened for some time, when, hearing nothing, and no further advanced in the way of making up his mind which he would explore, he went back to his room, took a half-crown, went to the window, opened his curtains, and, by the light of the moon, ‘tossed up’ the coin, a practice he had invariably followed through life, whenever there was any difficulty in arriving at a decision, until, at last, it became a positive mania.

“Heads” for the right-hand door, “Tails” for the left. “Tails” came up; so he went to the left-hand door, placed his hand upon the lock, —once more hesitated, and went back to his room. After waiting some time longer, hearing the great clock strike the half hour, he became desperate, and again tossed up. This time, it was to be the best of three tosses, and “tails” came up at the two first. This gave him fresh confidence, and he sallied forth for the third time.

Scarcely had he got half way down the cor-

ridor, when his courage again began to fail him, and he bethought himself that the Melnotte was quite capable of leading him a regular wild goose chase; she had, that very day, won half a dozen pairs of gloves from him, in the most ridiculous manner. She had made him a bet that he would go down stairs between five and six in the morning. He lost, for Mademoiselle Prunella had placed the *figures* five and six, in pencil, on either side of his door.

After this specimen then, of her powers, he became somewhat suspicious, and was in the act of returning to his room and giving the whole thing up, when he was suddenly startled by hearing the most awful groans, followed by a succession of loud sobs. The noise proceeded from the left-hand room: he made sure it was the Melnotte's, and that this was her way of attracting his attention. "Tails for ever!"

Cautiously opening the door, he saw a heap

of bed-clothes convulsed by the most violent actions, whilst the moaning continued, and evidently proceeded from some one therein enwrapped. The beating of Filagree's heart ceased ; curiosity quickly took possession of his senses, and he placed himself at the foot of the bed, to watch what the sheets in labour would bring forth.

He had not been on sentry long, when the bed-clothes were suddenly tossed up in a terrific manner ; a long and loud moan, and all was again silence, whilst there gently arose from the mass, a huge, white and well-starched night-cap, which surmounted a remarkably rubicund and warming-pan-like face. The light was not strong enough for the Muffin to discover the features, but, instead of hearing the mild French accents of his *innamorata*, he was astonished by a shout of "Murther ! murther ! fire. I'm kilt !" in the richest Kerry accent. Without hesitating an instant he fled the room, and regained his own.

The fire in his grate was not quite extinguished, and he managed to light his candle. Sleep he could not ; that was out of the question ; so he drew the arm-chair towards the fire, rising occasionally to open the door and listen. Not a sound interfered with the eternal ticking of the before-mentioned clock. It was now near four ; and the lateness, or rather, the earliness of the hour, at length made him desperate, and he again sallied forth. He first paused to listen at the left-hand door. All was still, excepting the loud snoring of Judy Flannagan, the Irish housemaid, who had been put there to air the bed for a visitor expected the following day, and whom a dreadful tooth-ache had caused to utter the moans which had so astonished him. He turned the key upon her, and thus secured her from being a spy upon his proceedings.

The other door was now slightly ajar, and the blue ribbon attached to the handle. It made

not the least noise as he gently pushed it open, and there indeed sat his "*objet*," before the fire, in the most *dégagé* position. Her long black hair, combed out, fell over her shoulders in beautiful confusion ; a white *peignoir*, that prettiest of all protections, enwrapped her form, and was of so convenient a length as not in the least to hide her beautiful feet and ankles ; her finely-rounded arm leaned upon a small table, while her fairy fingers were placed across her forehead, to screen her eyes from the light of a candle, nearly burned to the socket, and through these taper fingers protruded her long, black and silken eyelashes. The second volume of "*Les Liaisons dangereuses*," lay at her feet.

At first, Filagree imagined that she slept, but, on advancing to the middle of the room, he was assured that it was not so. He was right, for she instantly stood up, and motioned him to a chair. The confirmed lady-killer quailed before the commanding manner of Mademoiselle Mel-

notte, now that she was in earnest ; he did as he was bid, lost the use of his tongue completely, and slunk into the chair pointed out to him. Fain would he have had recourse to what our transatlantic brethren call “soft sawder ;” anything to break the ice ; but no ; like Acres, he felt the courage oozing out of his fingers’ ends, and there he sate, with a steady, fixed, and stupid gaze, staring at the lady. Mademoiselle shook her robe-de-chambre, resumed her seat in the most graceful manner, crossed her tiny feet, and thus began :—“ *Ecoutez, Monsieur.*” She proceeded to say that she really liked him ; that he had amused her much ; she thanked him in the prettiest manner possible for all the attentions he had shown her ; and added, that he really was “ *bien aimable.*”

Her manner, accompanied by these pretty speeches, had restored some of Filagree’s self-confidence, and he got up, for the purpose of prostrating himself before the bewitching being,

and declaring his passion. She rose once more, and put her hand upon the bell, at the same time requesting that she might not be annoyed.

“No,” she continued ; “I like you very much ; I never saw any Englishman I admired more ; but, excuse me, Sir, this can go no further ; your nation behaved so ill to Napoleon !”

CHAPTER VIII.

And when the dews of evening fell,
In coolness o'er earth's sultry bed,
An image clothed in misty form
Hovered around with airy head ;
A glowing image, light and free,
With fairy footsteps came to me—

And it was thine !

MRS. H. SANDBACH.

It is necessary that we should here make a slight digression.

Colour-sergeant Higgins was the Pay-sergeant of the company to which Cromwell belonged. The Quarter-master sergeant of the regiment had died

at Gibraltar : Higgins succeeded to the vacancy, and was ordered out with the detachment under Filagree, to join the head-quarters : he had been many years in the regiment, bore a most unexceptionable character, had seen much service in the Peninsula, where he had been engaged in twelve or fourteen general actions, and had been severely wounded at the sanguinary assault of Badajoz.

Sergeant Higgins, about fourteen years previously, had married a widow, who brought him a ready-made family, consisting of a boy and girl. The former had enlisted in the regiment ; and, through his good conduct, had risen at this time to the rank of sergeant, and was with the head-quarters.

Hamey Crosbie, the girl, had grown up to be a most lovely young creature : tall and commanding, her figure was faultless : her temper and disposition the sweetest imaginable. She was always dressed with the greatest neatness,

although the material might be of the commonest description: her movements were natural and exceedingly graceful, so much so that no one could pass her without admiration. At the same time, there was that in her manner which instantly annihilated the least approach to levity on the part of the beholder: Filagree, the professed lady-killer, never dared to look at her. Such was Hamey Crosbie; lovely, gentle and affectionate; the admired of all beholders, her fair fame perfectly spotless.

The family were poor, very poor; having little else to live upon but Sergeant Crosbie's pay. His wife and Hamey were good needlewomen, but they could not always obtain employment. They could not take officers' washing; that would be *infra dig.* for a Colour-sergeant's wife; for there is etiquette in all societies. Nothing could exceed the neatness of their little room, whenever they could obtain that luxury; but often, a green

baize curtain divided them from some twenty or five-and-twenty men, in a large barrack-room ; and, when it is taken into consideration that soldiers will often drink more than is good for them, it may be inferred that the language made use of in consequence is anything but what should be overheard by a modest female. But Hamey was beloved by the men, we may almost say worshipped ; she was the pride of the battalion, and not one of them would willingly have hurt her feelings or annoyed her in any way.

Perhaps, in the whole economy of the British army, nothing wants reform more than the condition of the non-commissioned officers in barracks. Much has been said and written of late on this subject, and a great change has, no doubt, taken place ; but still there is room for further improvement : the comforts of the men cannot be studied too much, as long as it is consistent with the service. We

do not wish to lead the reader into diffuse history of the interior economy of barrack discipline ; we have, at the head of one of our chapters, given an extract from the Quarterly Review, which bears on the subject ; but, should the reader be a military man, and have the interest of those under his command at heart—more particularly should he have influence in any department affecting the *morale* of the army, we refer him to the admirable article from which the above-mentioned extract is taken.

Sergeant Higgins, his wife, and Hamey, had a sincere friend in Major Bassoon. He had long known Higgins, who had been Colour-sergeant of his company before his last promotion. Whenever it was in his power to render his family any little service, he did not forget to do so : and ever since he had been in command of the depôt, they had had a separate room.

Hamey had her own small bed in one corner:

She was indebted to the Major for the iron bedstead, which he had obtained from the barrack-master: round it she had her own curtain of blue and white check, which walled her off from the rest of the room; and, when retiring for the night or getting up in the morning, it made her dressing-room. Her toilet-table was the lid of a small chest, which contained her "little all," covered with some rough lace-work, her own manufacture.

The attractions of Hamey had captivated O'Toole, who had come to the determination to do his best to ruin her. His intention and purpose were no secret to Cromwell, who, from the first, resolved to protect the girl, not only on principle, but from a sincere regard for her and her family.

She was now, unfortunately for her, about to lose the protection of the good Major, and it was on this subject that Cromwell one day

requested Filagree's attention. He told him he had reason to suspect that O'Toole would make use of the opportunity afforded him by going out with the same detachment to Gibraltar, to persecute Hamey. Colonel Flint, who commanded the regiment, was in every way the reverse of Bassoon,—cruel, overbearing, a bully where he dared, but cringing to any one with interest or in authority ; he was detested by every officer in the regiment, and hated by every man under his command. O'Toole, being related to him, was the very man of all others to insinuate himself into the Colonel's good, or rather, bad, graces. Cromwell feared he would easily persuade Flint to persecute the unfortunate Higgins by every sort of petty annoyance, and, by thus intimidating the girl, gain his purpose.

Filagree promised he would take care that they had every comfort on board, and that,

as long as he was in command of the party, O'Toole should have no communication with Hamey, as far as he could prevent it.

The detachment for head-quarters was to embark in four days' time, and all was bustle and preparation on the part of those who were under orders for Gibraltar. Cromwell was unusually out of spirits: he who had always been the promoter of all fun and amusement at the mess—now left the table directly the cloth was removed. He was taunted by his brother officers with being “spoony,” and with having “lost his heart.” All this he suffered, and bore, without reply, any jest that passed at his expense. The truth was, and he now began to allow it to himself, he secretly loved Hamey Crosbie: nor was it ordinary love; he had hardly ever spoken to her; yet, somehow, she had gained upon his feelings in an unaccountable manner, and, in spite of some endeavours to the con-

trary, he was becoming deeply attached to her. It was only now that she was about to leave England, that he discovered what a loss her presence would be to him. More for the sake of charity than because he actually wanted them, he had lately ordered Mrs. Higgins to make him a new set of window-curtains; her daughter, (the mother being busily engaged in preparing for their departure), for the first time in her life, entered an officer's quarters, having previously ascertained from Cromwell's servant that his master was not in his room, but had gone down the town.

On this assurance, she went into the apartment, and, with the servant's assistance, began to try the curtains to the windows. They required some little alteration, however, and the servant left her to alter the sewing of the rings. Now, Cromwell, instead of having gone down the town, according to his man's report, had been in the mess-room, and, on

opening his barrack-room door with his latch-key, he saw, to his astonishment, Hamey Crosbie, standing up on one of the window-seats, arranging the curtain, which she had now nearly fitted. Her confusion at being thus surprised by him was only equalled by his own, and both coloured deeply: Hamey could not but feel the kindness and little attentions which Cromwell had invariably shown them, and his very gentlemanlike conduct towards herself. It weighed much in his favour: as to love, that had never entered the poor girl's head: she knew too well the impassable barrier between them. Our hero thought he had never in his life seen anything half so lovely as the blushing girl before him: the blush was, however, but momentary. She was the first to recover self-possession; descended to the floor, and began to collect her work. Cromwell, all the time, looked on, bewildered with admiration.

At length, he came to himself, and begged she would be seated. This she declined, in the prettiest manner possible; adding that, "she had done what her mother desired, and had no idea that he was in the barracks, or she never would have taken the liberty of entering his room." Our hero, however, pressed her to sit down, telling her he had long wished for an interview. He knew she was shortly to embark for head-quarters, and had something of importance to say to her. The graceful girl at length consented, and sate down.

He began by telling her, that, as she was going to Gibraltar, there were many little comforts and necessaries which they might want, but that he was sure her father would not accept money, if he offered it. He then proffered it to her, in the most delicate manner he could, begging her to take it, for the sake of her family. Hamey, for some

time, resisted all his persuasions : she seemed, however, after a while, more inclined to consent, when, suddenly, a knock at the door was heard—the door flew open, and O'Toole confronted the pair. Awed by the look which Cromwell gave him, he stammered forth, in great confusion, “ Oh ! excuse me !—beg pardon,—no intention of spoiling sport,—didn't know you had a woman in your room :” saying which, he shut the door, and retired.

The fellow had seen Hamey enter Cromwell's apartment, and had never left his window until he saw our hero follow her, (by appointment, as he supposed). His jealous rage was so great that he had determined to show her, at any risk, that he was aware of her having met Cromwell, intending to turn this knowledge to his own account.

Our hero turned purple with rage, and heaven knows where it would have ended, had he not, on looking about for his sword, a stick,

or any, the first thing he could lay his hands upon, chanced to glance at Hamey, who, having turned deadly pale at the sight of O'Toole, now fell fainting from her chair. All his thoughts and energies became diverted to her, and he was at her side in a moment. She soon came to herself, and, to Cromwell's anxious inquiries, replied that she was now quite recovered, and begged he would allow her to leave his room. Accordingly, she prepared to leave it, but, just as she reached the door, a sudden thought seemed to strike her ; she turned, and said, " If you have more to say, meet me by the little gate going into the brick-field, as the retreat sounds."

Hamey was true to the appointment, and as the buglers of the different corps in Devonport sounded off the retreat, she reached the little wicket. Cromwell had been detained nearly half an hour ; he happened to be orderly officer for his depôt, and had to inspect the regimental

picquet: he did not reach the indicated spot until that delicious twilight so peculiar to our climate, had begun to fade; the new moon had already risen above the Mewstone, and threw a partial stream of dancing silver across Plymouth Sound and its Breakwater. He found Hamey at the gate, anxiously awaiting his arrival; she would not allow him to enter into any explanation as to the cause of his being so late, but desired him to follow her across the field, and entered, at the farther extremity of it, a hovel which had been used as a shelter to brickmakers, and was at the opposite end from the road. It was in rather a ruinous state, but answered the purpose of shielding them from observation. Mildly, but firmly, she requested that he would take back the note he had so kindly, and, she added, so feelingly given to her, that morning. She had never, she said, intended to accept it, and nothing but the surprise of O'Toole's

sudden entrance could have induced her to retain it for a moment. She concluded by saying that she was perfectly sensible of his good intentions towards her family; ever since he had been in the regiment he had shown them kindness; but that they required little, and that, through the goodness of Major Bassoon, and the assistant-surgeon's wife, they were comfortably provided with everything they required for the voyage. As she held out her hand to tender him the note, he could not resist taking it in his; she tried to withdraw it, but he detained it gently and whispered, "Hamey, forgive me: I cannot help it; it is now my turn, and I must have my say. You must tell me why you were so terrified at the sight of O'Toole?"

In a somewhat confused and hurried manner, but still with perfect frankness, she admitted that she was conscious of being watched by

O'Toole; that it had been going on now for some time.

“ I myself have watched you, but for no bad motive,” replied he, “almost, I may say, ever since I joined. I have watched over you when you little thought of it; but forgive me—my feelings are carrying me away from what is of more consequence. Tell me—I have had misgivings—has that man ever spoken to you?”

At the mention of O'Toole's name, Cromwell felt Hamey's hand tremble violently: just at this moment, she tore it away from his, and both were, at the same instant, struck by a dark shadow which fell across the doorway of the hovel. Hamey clung to Cromwell, who passed his arm round her waist, and pressed her to him. She exclaimed, in a trembling voice:

“ Oh, merciful Heaven! I am certain it is him. I am ruined!”

The poor girl, however, instantly recovered

her self-possession, and, gently disengaging herself from his arms, thanked him for his kindness, and begged that he would leave her : she said that she had been very nervous of late, but now again felt quite herself. Our hero was on the point of rushing after the listener, but Hamey detained him, saying it was of no use, for that he was, in all probability, by that time, far distant. She then as suddenly changed her mind, and begged that he would be so good as to remain in the hut till she had time to regain the road. It was now again Cromwell's turn, and he asked for five minutes' conversation. He earnestly requested her to conceal nothing from him, and asked if ever O'Toole had, directly or indirectly, made any advances to her ? Although he no longer held her hand, he could perceive her shudder at the very mention of the name. This confirmed him in the opinion he had formed, and he told Hamey, without disguise, all his suspicions, and

cautioned her to be on her guard against any advances from O'Toole, were they apparently ever so well intended. He explained to her not only the heavy loss her family would sustain in leaving Major Bassoon, of which she was well aware, but also the sad exchange they would make by being under such a man as Colonel Flint, at head-quarters.

He ended by assuring her that Filagree might be depended upon, he having given a faithful promise to befriend them on the voyage, and, as far as lay in his power, after their arrival on the Rock. After much persuasion, he got her to promise to write to him should O'Toole molest her, and for that purpose gave her several covers, directed to himself, in Filagree's handwriting, a practice which that lady-killer generally resorted to, in most of his *liaisons*, getting half-a-dozen men to write his address on envelopes destined to that employment; a *dodge* he had invented to prevent detection of letters by inqui-

sitive mammas. Hamey did not refuse compliance, and Cromwell, having once more caught her in his arms, suffered her to depart.

The following day, the detachment embarked for Gibraltar.

CHAPTER IX.

There was Gibraltar, and there England's flag was flying.

CRESCENT AND THE CROSS.

As the evening gun flashed from the summit of the rock, the anchor was "let go;" and a line-of-battle ship swung to her moorings in the bay of Gibraltar. The sun, which had set in a flood of glory, had but just sunk below the horizon, and the purple rock, bristling with a thousand cannon, towered fourteen hundred feet straight above the noble vessel. Such a sight, and beheld from the deck of one of England's finest men of war, could not but

have its effect, and the proud heart of our hero beat fast as he contemplated his country's strength. The key to the Mediterranean belongs to old England: "who," thought he, "will have the temerity to attempt to take it from her?"

Eight hundred feet above the level of the sea, are hewn out of the solid rock those wonderful galleries, the guns of which command, at long ranges, the whole line of the Neutral Ground. A long causeway, having the bay on the one side, and, on the other, a deep inundation, is the only approach from the land. Two hundred pieces of cannon, always loaded with grape, bear upon this causeway, which is undermined, the mines being constantly charged; so that, even supposing the guns to fail and the causeway to be covered with the invading troops, one match, one spark, applied to the train, would blow them all to eternity; while the causeway itself, blasted to atoms, would no longer serve as an approach to the

Rock : one convulsive gurgle, and the blue waters of the Mediterranean would flow in its place, as though they had done so for centuries.

The following morning, pratique was granted, and Cromwell landed, amidst a motley assemblage of people of all nations, all colours, and all costumes : amidst piles of oranges, pomegranates, melons, figs, and flowers, the production of a southern clime. But, more striking than all these, to a young officer fresh from his *depôt*, were the bronzed faces of the veterans of the head-quarters, the greater part of whom were heroes of the Peninsula ; men who had led storming-parties and forlorn hopes, and braved death in a hundred battles.

He found his regiment quartered in the Casemate Barracks, at the Waterport gate, close to where he landed, and instantly went in search of his old chum, Filagree. He opened several doors, until he came to one room which there was no mistaking. Several French prints

hung on the wall ; a guitar, with a blue ribbon and silver fringe, lay upon the sofa ; a pair of castanettes, a broken fan, and a faded bouquet, upon the table ; sundry notes, of every size and shape, written upon paper of every colour, lay dotted about the room ; whilst the well-known bark of Fuzboz came sharp from the inner chamber.

The friends were delighted to meet : it was the greatest possible surprise to Filagree, who thought that Cromwell was in England, and never dreamed of seeing him at his bed-side.

Our hero was most anxious to make certain inquiries of the Muffin-worrier, but he, half asleep, had broken out in his usual strain : “ Spanish poppets ; feet—legs—charming creatures ! ” —Cromwell, all the time, trying to stop him, but apparently without avail. On he went : “ Black eyes, high combs, mantillas,” and, “ fair creatures ” who did him the honour to adore him.

At length, observing symptoms of impatience

in Cromwell, he seemed to think he had better desist, and inquired of our hero, how the deuce he had got there?

It is necessary that the reader should be informed of the occasion of this sudden move taken by Cromwell. It will be recollected that when he took leave of Hamey Crosbie, he had given her several blank sheets of paper, all ready folded and addressed to himself; at the same time desiring her to let him know instantly if her fair fame were likely to be the least endangered by the advances or intrigues of O'Toole. He had received a letter from her, stating that that person had incessantly annoyed her, ever since landing at Gibraltar; that, during the voyage, Filagree had been true to his word, and had not suffered her to be molested; but that now, she could no longer receive any benefit from his protection: that O'Toole had been appointed acting Adjutant by Colonel Flint; was all in all with the Colonel, and that he had

already commenced a system of continued annoyance and persecution against the whole family ; having, moreover, as much as given her to understand that it entirely rested with her whether he should ruin her father, or gain him the good graces of his commanding officer ; and adding, that there was no persecution to which he would not subject the family, if she refused to yield. Alarmed, distressed, and well knowing that O'Toole had the power to do what he said, she wrote off to our hero, stating her position.

As it happened, a line-of-battle ship was, at the moment that Cromwell received Hamey's letter, lying in the sound ; the 'blue peter' flying at her fore, under sailing orders for the Mediterranean. The captain was a great friend of Cromwell's, and at once offered him a passage. He stated his reasons for wishing to go immediately to Gibraltar, to the old Major, who instantly went to Government House, and obtained leave for him to go out ; *et voilà tout*.

All this our hero told to the Muffin-worrier ; who, strange to say, listened very attentively, and never once made any attempt to interrupt him ; until Cromwell, with eager impatience, asked where Hamey was.

“All right,” was the reply. “I have got her a berth with a charming creature who does me the honour to adore me : a married poppet—her husband in the Havanna—a merchant of cigars—an angel !—the most perfect terminations !—”

The impatience of our hero at length knew no bounds, and he desired his friend to tell him something further of Hamey. After some time, but not before he had twice again broken out into his egotistical manner of talking, did Cromwell gain the desired information.

Filagree was deeply engaged in making love to Donna Lopez, the wife of a cigar-merchant, at that time on a visit to his plantations in the Havannah. She had a couple of

daughters, nearly grown up; and, being very anxious that they should learn English, had applied to the Muffin to know if he could engage her “a young English person, of sufficient respectability?” He recommended Hamey Crosbie, who, accordingly, was duly installed as governess in the family of Donna Lopez. She had now been three weeks in this employment, which she liked very much, and her mistress was equally pleased with her; the young ladies, too, had taken the greatest possible fancy to Hamey. What pleased Cromwell most, however, was Filagree’s assurance that, in the house of Lopez, she was completely safe from any persecution on O’Toole’s part. He wound up by telling him that he should see her that very evening, and was just on the point of again breaking out into some extravagant praise of himself, and his *succès* with “*the Lopez*,” as he called her, when our hero, having gained all the information he required, left the room, in

the midst of the most tremendous peal of barking from dog Furzebush, who was busily engaged in his old employment of running after his tail.

Everything on the Rock was a novelty to Cromwell, from the turbaned Moors to the amusing monkeys, scampering about among their fastnesses. Gibraltar is the only place in Europe where monkeys are to be seen in a wild state: as is well known, they are not indigenous to the place, but are a breed of apes originally imported from the opposite coast of Barbary. They increase wonderfully, and are protected by the governor.

On Sundays, when the troops were drawn up on the Alameda, for divine service, a whole host, headed by one fine old grey fellow, of enormous size, and known to the soldiers as "the Town Major," would make their appearance on the ledges of the rocks overhanging the ground,

where, amidst the rock myrtle or wild geraniums, they would mimic the whole of the proceedings, even to the big drum placed in the midst of the hollow square, and upon which the prayer-books and Bible were left. When the clergyman timed his discourse with the sun, all would go on with due decorum ; but did he, by over-zeal, or accident, miscalculate the advent of the great luminary, he was sure to be caught by Old Sol, whose scorching rays, the instant he peeped over the rock, fell full upon the good man's bald pate. Instantly, an end would be put to his discourse ; his hat placed upon his head, and with a bow to the commanding officer, he took his departure. This was the signal for the "Town Major" to go through the like ceremony, and so faithfully did he and the whole tribe mimic the proceeding, that, when he made his best bow, and imitated the form of putting on his hat, and dismissing the con-

gregation, the female monkeys would place their young upon their backs, like knapsacks, and scamper up the rocks.

Not long after our hero had been settled on the Rock, he performed one of the most extraordinary feats, in its way, ever perhaps accomplished, and one which ought not to be passed over without mention. There are one-and-twenty huge guns, mounted upon iron carriages, on the Saluting Battery at Gibraltar. It was considered anything but easy to clear one; and an officer won a bet by jumping over four of them in succession. Our Cromwell declared that he would undertake to jump over the whole, one after the other, without stopping, and offered to back himself to do so. He was not long in finding plenty of persons to take him up, and nine and ten to one were freely given, over and over again.

A feat of that sort was a novelty at Gibraltar, where any kind of amusement is at a premium.

Numbers of bets were made, pro and con ; half the garrison were concerned in the result, and the other half, for the want of something to do, and the fun of a little excitement, had assembled along the battery, for the purpose of witnessing the trial. All the officers' ladies turned out, and even the Spanish families had got wind of the affair. Amongst the number, of course, were the Lopez, and Hamey. Indeed, to say the truth, Cromwell had been more influenced by the hope of getting a sight of Hamey, and a few words with her, than by the odds taken, or the honour and glory to be acquired.

“The day was gloriously fine for the occasion,” as the English newspapers generally preface the description of a review in honour of some foreign potentate ; but all the days are gloriously fine at Gibraltar, only a little too hot. At the appointed time, the saluting battery was crowded ; all Gibraltar poured forth to witness the result.

Cromwell had donned, for the occasion, a pink silk jersey frock, and when he took off his coat and presented himself at the post, a sort of murmur ran through the female portion of the multitude at the perfect symmetry of his proportions. His manly form elicited a more than ordinary exclamation from the Lopez, who flirted with her fan, and patted the ground with her little foot, in a sort of fidgety manner, which put our Muffin into the most jealous and unenviable state.

Without the least apparent effort, and with the greatest ease, did Cromwell win his bet. He cleared the guns, one after the other, in the most graceful manner. A shout from the assembled multitude burst forth, as he jumped the last gun, and a pair of soft blue eyes beamed upon him from amidst the labyrinth of waving pocket-handkerchiefs, and fluttering fans. He felt a perfect giant—an Hercules. What power

had those soft blue eyes ! He actually turned round, and jumped the guns back again.*

Early of a morning, our hero, who was passionately fond of shooting, would sling his gun over his shoulder, mount his pony, and canter off some six or seven miles to the first venta, on the way to the Cork-woods of the (Brigand) Miller celebrity, in search of game, which was to be found in great plenty in the surrounding country. On these occasions, either in going or returning, as he passed the Spanish lines, he often came upon their soldiers at mess. Round a large cauldron, filled with grease, fish, and oil, mixed together, were usually ranged some twenty or five-and-twenty men—short, thick-set little fellows, each armed with a leaden spoon.

* This extraordinary feat was performed by Lieutenant Freer, of the 43d Light Infantry, and in full uniform.

At a given signal, a particular soldier stepped forward, dipped his spoon into the nasty concoction, fell back to his place, and swallowed his spoonful ; the next in succession would do the same, and so it proceeded, in a regular rotation, until the contents of the pot were spooned up. Wretched and miserable-looking dogs as they appeared, scarcely ever touching meat, and living entirely on bread and grease, it is surprising what fatigue they could undergo—what privations they could endure—and what burdens they could carry. They would perform long marches, in the hottest weather ; but as to their courage, that is quite another affair. Nearly all troops will fight when well commanded ; witness the cowardly Portuguese, under Lord Beresford, and their corps of Caçadores, employed with our light division in Spain, when officered by Englishmen.

One anecdote, illustrative of their great activity, may be advanced, although it tells

against the hero of "Saluting Battery" celebrity. One day, he had been to the second tower on the eastern beach; the weather had been sultry; a long, thick, heavy cloud seemed, at the distance, to be attached to the summit of the rock, and stood out to westward. The gum-cistus, thick and clammy, had stuck to Cromwell's leather leggings; he had had good sport, and had bagged his six or seven brace of red-legged partridge; as many more quail and ground doves had shared a like fate, when he found himself, at noon, near one of those towers on the eastern beach, which were each garrisoned by a corporal and half a dozen soldiers, employed as Guarda Costas, or revenue officers. He was very tired, and gladly availed himself of their invitation to enter the sort of Martello tower in which they were quartered.

The party were about to eat their dinner, which consisted of a huge bowl of "gaspaccio," this said gaspaccio being concocted with about

three quarts of water, some grapes, tomatoes, onions, and a plentiful supply of garlic ; into this, soldier's black rye-bread being broken. Spoons they had none : each, in his turn, put his face into the bowl, and took as long a pull at its contents as his breath would allow. Cromwell, at first, thought the proceeding rather a " fishy " one ; but the day was, as we have said, exceedingly sultry, and he was very hot and thirsty. The concoction looked most invitingly cool ; the invitation was very cordial, and our hero dived. He had no reason to repent ; and, in ten minutes, the *gaspaccio* was finished. A cigar was tendered to each of the soldiers (the greatest possible compliment you can pay to a Spaniard), a guitar was produced, and they returned his courtesy by some exceedingly good songs. That over, the conversation turned upon the capabilities of marching, &c. of the Spanish troops ; and our hero suddenly found himself challenged to jump by one of the most four-feet

nothing, rear-rank-looking men that he had ever laid eyes on. He was not only challenged to jump, but was actually out-jumped by this pigmy. He, the hero of the Saluting Battery, was defeated!

Cromwell took his defeat in good part, lit his last cigar, divided the contents of his flask of cognac amongst the good-humoured "Jack Spans," and rode off amidst their vivas.

As he approached the Neutral Ground, sundry flashes became apparent, and as they belched forth from amidst the craigs of the north front, it was soon evident that the artillery were engaged in practising from the Casemated Batteries. On approaching the Bay side Barrier, Cromwell's attention was attracted by an unusually loud report, and, looking up, he could plainly perceive that some explosion had taken place. He saw what he fancied were pieces of rags, and ramrods, blown from three of the port-holes; but the height and the distance

were so great, that he supposed it was merely the wadding which was blown out. Soon after entering, he gave his pony to his servant, and sought Filagree's room. The bird, however, had flown. Something flashed across our hero's mind: he all at once became uneasy, fancied that something had gone wrong, and instantly set off to race up the Rock, following the zig-zag path which leads past the Moorish castle, towards the batteries of the north front.

Suddenly, he encountered a horrible spectacle. Ten unfortunate artillery-men were borne towards the town, on shutters. They had been engaged, as he had thought, at long range practice, from one of the galleries: whether accidentally, or through neglect—for it never transpired, one of the expense magazines blew up, and with it eighteen artillery-men were hurled to destruction. Some were blown through

the embrasures, and fell, crushed to atoms, on the rocks, eight hundred feet below. These poor fellows were what appeared to persons on the Neutral Ground as so much wadding. One man was in the act of ramming down the charge, and was blown out, wash-rod in hand, and, strange to say, he retained it in his grasp long after death. Those whom Cromwell encountered had been picked up lying about the chambers, awfully scorched and mutilated. One poor fellow—though burned to a cinder, still showing symptoms of life, had his bayonet completely bent and twisted through his body. But what most distressed Cromwell was the discovery that the last shutter supported Filagree. The artillery-officer in charge had been on the outside, above the casemates, in order the better to see the effect of the practice, and the bursting of the shrapnel shells. Filagree, who had been with him five minutes before,

had descended, and reached the first chamber at the moment of the explosion, when he was hurled on his face to the ground.

Although terribly scorched, particularly about the face and neck, Filagree was not otherwise much hurt. He was perfectly sensible; so much so, as to request that he might be taken to one of the military hospitals, instead of lying up in his own quarters. We beg leave to digress for a moment, in order to recommend this proceeding of Filagree's to any one who may have the misfortune to meet with a very serious accident, such as fracture of a limb, &c. So strange, however, is the prejudice of many against establishments of the kind, that they have the greatest antipathy to an infirmary; and, instead of being aware that you are doing them the greatest possible kindness, in sending them to a place where they will receive the best advice or attendance, they invariably imagine that they are sent there to

be got rid of, or to have operations performed upon them by way of experiment, or practise. No place, however, is there where they will be so well cared for; so secure from the killing kindness of friends, or from unnecessary intrusion; added to which, the constant attendance of nurses, the regularity of diet, and medical advice, always at hand, render an hospital the fittest place for an invalid. Accordingly, our hero accompanied his friend to the general hospital, where he remained for the better part of a month, and until the attentions of the P. M. O., Dr. Pestle, had rendered him sufficiently convalescent to return to his quarters, and perfect his cure under his own surgeon, Magnesia.

The Governor of Gibraltar, at that time, was an old man. He had been for many years upon the Rock, and was universally respected. He had done much for the comfort of all classes, had improved the public walks, and effected

all in his power to render the sterile and iron face of war, by which they were surrounded, agreeable to the sight and senses of the inhabitants. There, amidst the mazy walks of the upper Alameda, the Spanish lady, enveloped in her mantilla, and with her graceful fan in hand, reposed herself, and listened to the soft strains of her lover's guitar, on an apparently rustic seat, embowered in wild myrtle, jasmine, and geraniums; but the rustic bench, and its fair freight would, in reality, be resting upon a lazy, long, black ninety-six pounder, or an howitzer of awful calibre.

The worthy Governor paid an annual tribute to the Miller of the Cork Wood, the most notorious brigand in all Andalusia; and, in consequence, he never interfered with any of the officers of the garrison when on their shooting-parties in Spain. To the Governor, Cromwell had brought a letter from Colonel Scabbart,

who had once been on his staff, and a great favourite with his commanding officer : accordingly, he was exceedingly good-natured to the young officer, shewing him every kindness in his power, and inviting him to join his shooting-parties. Poor gentleman ! Although nearly in his dotage, he was passionately fond of shooting ; at any rate, to the last day of his life, he liked to be *hought* a sportsman ; and, whenever the shooting fit came on him, he would repair, in great state, to the village of St. Roque, about six miles from Gibraltar.

The first time Cromwell joined one of these expeditions, he nearly died of laughter at the ridiculous figure the Governor made of himself. He was arrayed in what he termed his “ duck-hunter,” namely, a very long-waisted shagreen shooting-frock, with embroidered gold-laced flaps, and large brass buttons : his nether man was encased in canary-coloured

leather breeches, and mahogany-coloured top boots. After breakfast, accompanied by a couple of his aides-de-camp, he would turn out to duck-shoot; and his companions, taking advantage of the good man's weakness, and to save themselves trouble, invariably conducted him to an old stagnant pond, situated in a grove of cork-trees, a little way below the town. The edges of this pond were completely overgrown with flaggers and bulrushes, and on it they previously ascertained that a certain old bald coot, which in time past had done them similar good service, still existed.

Holding his breath, and with all the caution taken by the most accomplished duck-shooter, the old gentleman would, day after day, go through the regular form of stealing down through the rushes and reeds, upon the same coot. After a certain time had elapsed, and the aides-de-camp had got him nearly up to the

mahogany line of his boots in the water, the *duck* would be pointed out to him, amidst the reeds on the opposite side of the slimy pond; and one of the keepers, with his finger on his lips, and the most intensely eager look he could put on for the occasion, would hand him his gun, at full cock.

The Governor would fire off the gun: the bald coot invariably dived: the old gentleman was hustled back to *terra firma* by his aides-de-camp, the one on either side, whilst he exultingly declared that he had “killed by jingo!” that it was a “devilish good shot!” that he had “killed by Jupiter!” and so on.

Instantly on his firing, the aides-de-camp would set up a shout; the retrievers would be sent into the water, the rushes and sedge apparently well searched, and the dead game, in time, would be produced to the exulting Governor.

Poor old deluded individual ! That very identical duck had travelled from St. Roque that morning, in the keeper's pocket, and, moreover, was a tame one.

CHAPTER X.

Here, in our lower ranks, are to be found men of sober, quiet, obedient dispositions ; others, drunken, turbulent, disaffected, and disorderly, whom nothing but the strong arm of the law, and coercive measures, will keep in any degree of subordination, and prevent from domineering over their peaceable, well-disposed comrades ; and it is only the disaffected, the licentious, and ill-disposed, that consider the prompt enforcement of order and discipline, by coercive measures, dispensible or unnecessary in the army.

RETROSPECT OF A MILITARY LIFE,

By a Sergeant of the 42nd Regiment.

SUDDENLY, one of those periodical scourges sent from the Almighty, became manifest at Gibraltar. No one knew how it arrived, but

the yellow fever burst forth. Some there were who affirmed that it was brought in a vessel, laden with fruit, from the West Indies. Doctors differed as to whether it was contagious or no. A French physician of eminence swallowed some of the black vomit, and did not die : this rather staggered the contagionists. Every remedy was tried, but to no purpose. Doctors were brought to courts-martial, by their own Faculty, for their modes of treatment ; but the number of the deaths daily increased.

All the regiments in the town were ordered out, and encamped upon "the Neutral Ground." The Spaniards at once established a cordon across it, and a double line of sentinels was posted ; no living thing was allowed within musket-range—even the very dogs were shot at. Fresh provisions, fruit, vegetables, &c., were placed upon the ground by Spanish peasants,

within range of the soldiers' muskets, and, on the English lodging the money in the same place, they were allowed to take them away; but no nearer approach was suffered. An English soldier, who had imbibed too freely of aqua-ardiente, attempted to make his way through the Spanish cordon, but met with a warm reception; running the gauntlet of the whole line of sentinels, every one of whom fired at him; yet he escaped, and got back to the camp.

The disease raged furiously in the town, and, although the men were under canvas outside the walls, still they died in great numbers. The duty had to be performed: the guards were obliged to be mounted. In the town, and on the fortifications, of a necessity, the important posts must be secured; the defence of the place required it. But there was one guard, a needless one, mounted over the Con-

vent, the residence of the Governor—a mere guard over the walls, for his Excellency was, at the time, inhabiting his cottage on the south of the Rock.

The Convent was situated in the midst of the town—in that part of it where the disease showed itself most malignantly—the very heart of the contagion. It soon became known that few men lived who were selected for that duty, and the guard there was, in consequence, reduced to a sergeant and nine men—and should have been taken off altogether.

It too soon became evident to the poor fellows themselves, that it was certain death, within four-and-twenty hours after they went on. They drew lots for the fatal duty; those who drew the shortest straws, threw them on the ground, in sullen silence. No instance ever occurred of a man objecting to his lot: they went on guard, and died.

The performance of this duty in the town devolved upon two regiments, of which Cromwell's was one. They lost upwards of two hundred men during this fever: in all probability they would not have lost half the number, had they not been obliged to give the Convent guard. The strongest, finest, and most robust were the first attacked. The fever even found its way to the encampment, and the regimental cook, who had prepared the dinner for the officers' mess, one day, died, and was buried, before that dinner was eaten. Cromwell was seized with the disorder, and went into the regimental hospital in the town.

We must now recur to the Adjutant O'Toole. Foiled in his diabolical intentions towards Hamey, by the sudden arrival of Cromwell, and by her removal to the house of Donna Lopez, his rage knew no bounds, and he took the present opportunity to carry out the

most diabolical scheme which, perhaps, was ever planned, for effecting his end. Cromwell's falling ill of the fever, offered a chance which, even in his most sanguine expectations, he never anticipated. Every thing now seemed most opportune. Filagree, likewise, was out of his way, laid up, as we have already mentioned, though now recovering, from his accident at the artillery practise.

Depending, then, on the support he was sure of getting from Colonel Flint, he, one morning, found fault with Sergeant Higgins. The meat for the regiment was late: it so happened that the butcher had caught the fever, and the required complement of rations was not forthcoming. The opportunity was that which he had long wished for; he attacked Higgins in his capacity of quarter-master-sergeant, asked him "why the meat had not been issued to the different companies?"—and, before Higgins had time to reply, told him "that he was a

d——d coward ; that he saw through the whole thing—that he was afraid to go into the town, on account of the fever, and that he would report him to the commanding officer. At the same time, turning round, he called out to him, in a voice so low that it was impossible Higgins could hear, but loud enough to be overheard by a corporal who happened to be passing at the time, “Consider yourself under arrest.”

Sergeant Higgins, as we have already observed, had always been the foremost amongst the brave on service in the Peninsula. His indignation, at being called a coward, was more than he could possibly bear ; but he was old soldier enough to know the consequence of replying to his superior officer with the least disrespect. He also knew that O'Toole hated him : he had been warned of it by Cromwell, who cautioned him repeatedly to keep his temper at all times, how much soever he

might be irritated. Higgins felt so grievously insulted, that he quite forgot himself, and rushed across the barrack-yard, declaring that he would go to the commanding-officer, and report the way in which he had been insulted.

More misfortune. "Misfortunes," they say, "never come single." That very night, Higgins's wife was taken into the hospital, and, in less than three hours, died of the yellow fever. She had repeatedly asked for her husband, and thought it cruel that he was not brought to her bed-side; but he was under arrest, and too proud to ask for leave from O'Toole, although the demand was made from his wife's death-bed, and it wrung his very heart-strings not to see her.

In her delirium, she raved for Hamey. A messenger was despatched to the south, to Donna Lopez, but she would not admit the

person, and it was not for many weeks after that the poor girl heard of her mother's death ; or, indeed, of any of the sad disasters we are about to relate. The dying woman also asked for Cromwell, repeatedly demanding of the nurse who attended her, why he was not there ?

Higgins was reduced from his rank as quarter-master-sergeant the following day ; after being placed in arrest, he was released, and desired to return to his duty as sergeant, and the following paragraph appeared in the regimental orders :—

“ The Commanding Officer has been pleased to appoint Colour-sergeant Lucky to be quarter-master-sergeant, *vice* Higgins, who, in consequence of his late irregular conduct, will return to his duty as sergeant from this day.”

The following morning, Sergeant Higgins was first for duty, and it was his regiment's turn to give the convent guard ; that guard from

which none had yet returned alive. The lots, as usual, were drawn, and Sergeant Higgins was desired by O'Toole to "tell off his men." He did so, without uttering a word of complaint; but, as he received the word of command to march off, he could not help saying to O'Toole, that he "hoped God would forgive him for his wickedness." It did not now suit the villain to order him into arrest: he calculated that the chance—or rather, the certainty, of the man's death would much more effectually answer his purposes, than the getting him reduced to the rank of private sentinel. Nor was he mistaken: Higgins never returned.

Just as the guard was marched off, Sergeant Crosbie came running up. He had only that moment heard of Higgins's disgrace. Not a word was spoken by the poor old soldier: he merely pointed to the simple cheverons of white lace upon his clothing. Crosbie, however, was

just in time to hear him utter the last sentence. That was enough. The blood was boiling in his veins ; he could not contain his wrath, and called out before the parade, that “ if justice was to be had, he would bring Mr. O’Toole before a court-martial, or die in the attempt.” He was, of course, immediately ordered into arrest, and, being only a lance-sergeant, was marched off to the guard-room, under an escort.

At sunrise, on a September morning, a regiment was to be seen wending its way “ four deep ” along the zig-zag slopes, which overlook the Waterport guard, at Gibraltar. As the way became narrower, they received the word to form “ two deep,” and, finally, to form single rank ; and it was some time before the last man of the regiment defiled into a triangular fissure in the rock. In half an hour, the sun would

make his appearance, and render every place into which his scorching rays could penetrate, untenable. Most of the men knew too well for what purpose they were marched into *that* place, and the sight of “the triangles,” which had already been erected in the centre, caused no sort of unusual wonder: “punishment parades,” in those days, were of so frequent occurrence, that to men who had been any time in the service, they appeared to belong, as a matter of course, to the discipline of the army.

Of late, much has been said, and written, with reference to the necessity for retaining the power to administer corporal punishment in the British army; but so long as that army shall be constituted as it is at present, no person conversant with military affairs can entertain a doubt that such power should be retained. By the last Mutiny Act, the corporal punishment is

limited to a hundred and fifty lashes ; and it is pretty generally admitted, that this is considered rather as a degradation than a punishment ; in which respect, by the way, it would be found far more effectual among the truculent vagabonds who alone will render themselves liable to it, if it were administered where “ honour’s rather [more] squeamish,” than it is about the *shoulders* of offenders generally. But, now that the schoolmaster has been allowed to enter the army, and the Limited Enlistment Bill is passed, we may hope that even this punishment, in time, will be abolished.*

* The present system of military punishments can be traced no further back than the era of William and Mary. Two Scotch regiments, commanded by Lord Dumbarton, at the Revolution, refused to submit to William, after James II. had dismissed them ; and, unfurling their standards, commenced a bold march to Scotland : but, unfortunately for themselves, they

To return. Continuing in file around the base of the Rock, the formation of "four deep" was again resumed, and all closed upon the leading

encumbered their progress home with four cannons, because these instruments of destruction had originally belonged to Edinburgh Castle. William caused the regiments to be pursued, and surrounded. To make vengeance legal on these soldiers, the Mutiny Bill was brought into Parliament; and the result was, that British soldiers were subjected, whether serving in these islands or abroad, to the punishments which prevailed among William's foreign mercenaries—the wickedest and cruellest troops that England had ever seen, as Ireland knew full well.

When King William was armed with the terrific power given by the Mutiny Bill, he broke the Royal Scotch regiments, gave the officers leave to go wheresoever they pleased, and distributed the unfortunate common soldiers among his troops; the most resolute he sent to Flanders; where, if they were not flogged to death, it was no fault of the Mutiny Bill, and the Dutch Code, which had superseded that of St. George. This Code of St. George is in intelligible language; it may be

sections. They then received the word of command to "face inwards;" and, on an opening being made through the ranks, Sergeant Crosbie, escorted by the sergeant and a file of the guards, entered the square, and was halted in front of the triangles.

Crosbie had always been a great favourite in the regiment, and, for the time he had been with them, no young soldier had ever earned a better reputation amongst his comrades. A sort of murmur, a mixture of surprise and pity, ran through the ranks, but it was only momentary; for, as we have already said, punishment parades were too common occurrences at the time to cause any great sensation. Colonel

seen, in the *Fœdera*, that there was no flogging in the days of the Plantagenets.—(*Life of Mary II.*, by Miss Strickland.)

It is, therefore, to the illustrious reformer, William, that we are obliged for this species of military punishment.

Flint thundered out the words, to "Fix bayonets!" and the rough voice of the tyrant reverberated amongst the cavities of the rock, and, for the moment, steeled the hearts of the men.

He then desired them to listen to the proceedings of a garrison court-martial. The evidence was clear. The court found the prisoner guilty of making use of mutinous and disrespectful language to Ensign and Adjutant O'Toole, when in the execution of his duty; and the finding was as follows:—

"They are of opinion that Lance-sergeant John Crosbie, No. 840, of the —— regiment, is guilty of the crime laid to his charge, and therefore sentence him, the prisoner, Lance-sergeant John Crosbie, No. 840, of the —— regiment, to be reduced to the rank and pay of a private sentinel, from this day; and further, to receive a corporal punishment of 500 lashes."

We will spare the reader the description of

an infliction of this kind, and only say that Crosbie received his cruel punishment without a murmur, and was marched off to hospital, a degraded man. Better for him had he died at the halberts.

CHAPTER XI.

But when men died more rapidly,

They had not time to pray ;

* * * * *

And terror by the hearth stood cold,

And rent all natural ties,

And men, upon the bed of death

Met only stranger eyes :

The nurse and guard, stern, harsh, and wan,

Remained unpitying by ;

They had known so much wretchedness

They did not fear to die.

GIBRALTAR, DURING THE PLAGUE.

ON one of the glorious and balmy evenings of the month of September, a remarkably good-looking, but pale and interesting young officer,

was reclining upon one of those seats already described amidst the groves of geraniums which border the Upper Alameda. For some days past a cloud had hung suspended, as it were, over the Rock, apparently attached to the summit by the slightest gossamer, but it lay like a weight upon its inhabitants. A certain lassitude of spirits which even effected the Town Major and his dependent monkeys—driving them to the inhabitable face of the Rock—proclaimed the prevalence of the scirocco, or east wind. The cloud, at length, however, had been dissipated ; the sky was clear, and its azure was reflected in equal splendour on the waters of the Mediterranean.

The whole line of the coast of Barbary was clearly defined : every sinuosity in the savage mountain of Ape's Hill was distinctly visible to the naked eye, and the headland of Ceuta, with its fortifications, rose boldly from the sea. To the right, the village of St. Roque

was backed by the snow-peaks of the Sierra di Ronda and the mountain of Madenia Sidonia, which, owing to the clearness of the atmosphere, appeared to be close to the village, but, in reality, were upwards of sixty miles off. Directly in the front, and on the opposite side of the bay, the long straight lines of the white houses and campaniles of the churches of Algesiras, cut the masses of the cork-woods which apparently reached the very town; while a couple of fifty-gun frigates floated, swan-like, upon the waters, their ports open, and showing their teeth.

Passing along the immediate foreground of our picture were several groups of Spanish ladies, in black mantillas and picturesque costumes, bearing in their hands that universal medium of conversation and flirtation in Andalusia, a fan. Some held it above their graceful heads, to shade their handsome faces from the rays of the setting sun; some were unfolding

it gently, and as suddenly closing it. The ladies of the south of Spain have a regular, organized fan language ; a language not very difficult to learn, even by one entirely uninitiated. The movement of the fans of many of the fair promenaders of the Alameda that evening, would have led one to suppose that the mosquitoes were exceedingly troublesome : mosquitoes, however, there were none ; the great attraction that evening was the young officer, who, as we have said, was reclining on one of the seats, amidst the profusion of scarlet geraniums.

The faces of all the officers who have been any time at Gibraltar, soon become familiar to the small number of persons composing the society on the Rock. The new arrival, then, being exceedingly good-looking — very fair — with blue eyes, and an abundant crop of light hair, caused no small sensation amongst the Andalusian ladies of the promenade, who

usually possess the blackest possible hair, with a complexion of an olive hue, under which the blood flows deep, giving a peculiar damask colour to the cheeks. The contrast pleased them. Even the English ladies, the wives and daughters of the officers of the garrison, stared at the new arrival, without recognising in him an old friend with a new face; which, however, he was. The old adage was realized to the very letter. Who was it? Who was the possessor of the blue eyes and golden locks? No other than Philip Augustus Filagree, our old friend, the Muffin-worrier! At the time of the accident at the Battery, he had been dreadfully burned about the face, which was, as has been stated, marked with the small-pox, and had been so from his boyhood. His features, however, were naturally very handsome; a new skin had now replaced the old macadamized one, and his face had become fair and spotless; and, if the Muffin, in former

days, had been a lady-killer in his own country, he now made his *début*, whitewashed, we may say, to kill the fair of Andalusia. It was whispered, that of all the Spanish ladies that day on the promenade, the Lopez was the only one who did not show any curiosity about the new arrival: the metamorphosis was so great that even Hamey, who was in the Donna's retinue, did not recognise her old acquaintance. The poor fellow, who had but that day got out for the first time, was not in a condition to profit much by the admiration that was lavished upon him, and was delighted to escape from the Alameda, and go in search of his friend.

Cromwell, as we have seen, had caught the fever, and was taken into hospital; but, by this time, the scourge had spent its fury, and nearly disappeared. There had been no fresh cases; and the inhabitants congratulated themselves that it had done its work; but the hospitals were still full, and our hero, although

in a state of convalescence, was not yet pronounced sufficiently well to leave the ward. When the Muffin presented himself, even Cromwell hardly knew him. He instantly began to inquire about Hamey, of whom he had heard no news. His attack had been so violent that it was not deemed prudent to tell him anything which might in the least affect his nerves ; he was, therefore, perfectly thunder-struck at hearing of the calamities which had happened to her family ; the death of Higgins, and the disgrace of Serjeant Crosbie ; and he swore that he would bring O'Toole to an account as soon as he recovered.

On leaving his friend, Filagree went directly to Donna Lopez—the *entrée* of whose house he had, and there found Hamey, who, having only lately been told that Cromwell was suffering from the fever, was so delighted at hearing a good account of him, that, for the moment, she lost her presence of mind, and, by

her manner, revealed to Filagree that which he had often suspected—namely, that Hamey was exceedingly attached to Cromwell. She wished to be allowed to visit him, and asked Filagree to accompany her to the hospital, but this, he would not hear of. He had sufficient discernment to see that a visit from the girl, at that time, might materially retard his friend's recovery : and accordingly made the best excuse he could, and left her, apparently in better spirits.

On that day week, Crosbie loaded his firelock with two balls, determined to shoot either O'Toole or Colonel Flint. The non-commissioned officer's call, or first parade horn, had sounded, and the barrack-square was crowded with the men, hastening towards their private parades, previously to the "Assembly" sounding. Suddenly, the report of a firelock was heard, followed by an exclamation from O'Toole, who fell to the ground.

In the next moment, Crosbie came forward and gave himself up, declaring that he had had his revenge; that his intention was to shoot Colonel Flint, had he made his appearance first; but he had determined that one or the other should fall, and was ready to go to the guard-room, — to which he was immediately marched off.

As the morning gun boomed from the summit of the Rock, the bugles and drums belonging to the different corps in garrison sounded the “Turn-out,” and the officers and men off duty might be seen repairing to their respective parades, or places of rendezvous; but, whilst the ordinary routine of calling the roll, inspecting the squads and companies, and other details were in progress, one individual belonging to that garrison was employed in quite a different manner. That individual was John Crosbie.

Condemned to death by the sentence of a general court-martial, he had been removed to the prison in the military Provost—and had spent the two hours before gun-fire in prayer, with the chaplain to the forces. In consequence of the excellent character which the prisoner had always borne in the regiment, but more particularly on account of the *exposé* of the tyranny of the Adjutant and the Colonel of his regiment, which our hero—who had come out of hospital at all risks to himself, boldly and openly stated to the court, in direct defiance of Colonel Flint, Crosbie, although condemned to be shot, was also recommended to mercy.

The worthy and excellent chaplain had been unceasing in his attentions to the prisoner, ever since his condemnation, and had done every thing to prepare him for his end ; for, although the court had recommended the prisoner to mercy, it was generally supposed that there was but little hope for him. As it happened, he

had not hit O'Toole; the ball cut the cloth of the sleeve of his jacket, but did no further mischief; he was, therefore, more frightened than hurt by the discharge of Crosbie's musket. But the crime was the same, and, in a military point of view, the greatest which he could possibly commit; and further, as there had been of late some very gross cases of insubordination and breach of military discipline, the Governor felt it his duty to order the sentence of the court to be carried into effect—and the chaplain was instructed to inform the condemned that there was no hope for him.

The night before his execution, Cromwell had a long conversation with the prisoner. Crosbie earnestly recommended Hamey to his kindness. "Had I," said he, "thought more of her unprotected state, I should have stayed my hand from firing on O'Toole; but I could not brook disgrace; I have been maddened ever since." Here he passed his hand across

his brow, while a gleam of mingled fierceness and despair shot through his eyes. "But," he continued, "she is now left friendless; the very means by which I meant to deliver her from persecution, will leave her in the power of that villain."

"Crosbie," said our hero, "I swear to you, as to a man about to appear before his Maker, to protect Hamey. If that alone is on your mind, rest satisfied. I will watch over her—respect her, act for her."

The report of the morning gun was the signal for the chaplain to take his leave, and for the prisoner to prepare himself for his execution. He had always been a pattern of neatness and cleanliness; his appointments were brighter than those of any other man, and on that morning he was even more careful than usual. When he had completed washing and shaving, he was handcuffed, and marched from the Provost prison.

Half way down the descent which leads to the South Port gate, he overtook his coffin, placed upon a cart: he was desired to follow in rear, and the cart moved on. By the time the prisoner, preceded by his coffin, had reached the gate, the heads of the leading regiment of those which were quartered in the town range made its appearance, and all followed in procession. Slowly and solemnly, and moving to the Dead March, did that procession wind its way along the steeps, to its melancholy end.

The morning was heavenly; the perfume of the myrtle and geraniums, which, on ordinary occasions, never failed to intoxicate the senses, lost their sweetness upon that thoughtful cortège. Perfectly unruffled, and resigned to his fate, with a firm and dignified bearing, did Crosbie follow the fatal cart to its melancholy goal. Once he had felt unmanned, but it was only momentarily; he fancied that, in passing one of the embrasures, he had seen the face of

Hamey, and turned to look back. The huge mouth of an enormous mortar was all he could discern. A tear trembled for an instant upon his eyelids, but he dashed it quickly away ; as quickly, recovered his self-possession, and endeavoured to bend his thoughts upon another world.

On reaching the plateau, or table-land, overlooking the Strait, they found the regiments quartered in the south already formed up, making half of the hollow square, the remainder of which was to be formed by the troops from the north. The whole line of the African hills lay enveloped in a mist, which the first rays of the rising sun were about to dispel. That sun, the prisoner was not fated to look upon ; it would gild no day for him ; it had already set upon his existence.

As soon as the regiments from the north had taken up their position, the cart, the coffin, and the prisoner, followed by his guard, were marched

into the centre : the coffin was taken from the cart, and placed upon the ground, and Crosbie was directed to kneel beside it. The Town Major then advanced to the centre, touched his hat to the commanding officer of the parade, and read aloud the sentence of the court-martial. Solemn silence pervaded the ranks ; not a breath of air agitated the water of the sea below them, which appeared of a sombre grey. A slight murmur, for the instant, was heard among the assembled forces, when it was proclaimed that the recommendation to mercy could not be admitted : Crosbie was to suffer death. Twelve men of the company to which he belonged were marched to the front, and received the word to load. A handkerchief was bound over Crosbie's eyes, and he was directed to kneel on his coffin. These, the last commands he would ever receive on this earth, he obeyed with the same soldier-like bearing he had at all times maintained : no

sign of tremor or nervousness agitated his muscular frame. A private signal was then made to the sergeant commanding the firing-party, and seven bullets passed through his body, which, for several seconds, lay quivering across the coffin, and then rolled upon the earth.

As the report of the fire-arms reverberated along the Rock, and reached that spot where, for a moment, poor Crosbie's thoughts had been brought back to this world, a piercing shriek might have been heard by any one who had been near ; but it died away unheeded. The troops then marched past the body, in single rank, the bands of the different regiments playing the Dead March in Saul. Suddenly, the rays of the rising sun poured a flood of gold over the scene ; the blue sky came out clearly, and was reflected upon the glassy surface of the Mediterranean : the veil of mist which hung over the African coast was dispelled, and the

fine lines of her mountains became distinctly visible. The regiments then formed into columns, and marched to their respective quarters, the bands playing gay and lively airs.

It is now time to recur to Hamey, who had heard, by means of a woman who supplied the family with fruit, that a military execution was to take place. Such an event had not for years been witnessed on the Rock, and it therefore caused much excitement. Some misgivings had come over Hamey's mind; something that told her all was not right: she trembled to ask any questions, but a casual visit of Filagree to Donna Lopez gave her that opportunity, which she now did not often have. From him, then, she heard the tragical fate of all that was near and dear to her; the death of Mrs. Higgins in the fever; that of the Sergeant, to whom she was much attached, and now, the awful fate that

awaited Crosbie, and which he was to meet the following morning at daybreak.

She was determined, if possible, to see Crosbie, but in this she was doomed to be disappointed. Filagree could not get her leave to do so ; but added that Cromwell had returned to his duty, and, at the moment, was actually on the Land-port guard. To Cromwell she went.

She found him walking on one of the batteries, and confessed to him that she was very miserable ; that Donna Lopez, who formerly had been so kind, now treated her cruelly ; and that she could not expect to remain with her long, as the lady had shown herself determined to worry her until she got her out of the house.

Before our hero parted from Hamey Crosbie that evening, he renewed his promise of protection. He would willingly have married her,

had circumstances permitted, but at present it was out of the question. He could not afford to leave the army ; he disliked his family, and had never once seen them since he joined his regiment, so that he could look for no assistance from his father : it was not likely that he would sanction his leaving the service, which he had but just entered, and to marry—whom ? The daughter, or rather the supposed daughter, of a sergeant's wife in his regiment.

It so happened that the sentinels mounted over the Provost prison were furnished by the Land-port guard, and Cromwell immediately went off to visit Crosbie in his cell. That interview we have already given. After he had taken leave of Crosbie, and when the moon rose above the rock, cast its silvery shadow across the Bay of Gibraltar, and tipped with light the massive walls of that prison which contained the unfortunate man, he found his way, once more, to the battery on which he had taken leave of

Hamey. There he paced up and down, forming plans for her more effectual protection in case of necessity. So absorbed was he in the subject, that he had no idea he had passed the greater part of the night; nor was he aware of the hour, until aroused by the reveillé, sounded off by the bugles and drums of the different corps, to warn the soldiers of the garrison that they were to assemble and witness the execution of one of their comrades.

Poor Hamey! She it was who uttered that piercing shriek, as the report of the muskets told her that all was over. She had not closed her eyes that night, and the reveillé that warned the soldiers to turn out, was a signal to her to steal from the villa of Donna Lopez, and to wend her melancholy way to the cluster of geraniums already described, and amidst which the instinctive glance of Crosbie had discovered her.

Sick at heart did she trace her way back to

the Donna's house, and regained her chamber, unheeded and unperceived. Throwing herself upon her bed, she despairingly thought over the extraordinary events of the past three weeks. Misfortune upon misfortune had fallen on her. Mingled with grief at the death of her reputed parent, was deep regret at the loss she had suffered in not having been near her at the last. She had reason to think that a secret of great importance had died with the wife of the sergeant, and that that secret related to herself. Now, she was left alone in the world, almost friendless; for, though fully aware that Cromwell would do all in his power to assist her, she knew perfectly well that his means were very limited, and how dangerous it would be to trust entirely to his generosity. She felt that she could love him; indeed, he was becoming daily less and less indifferent; but she was aware that there was an inseparable barrier between them. Cromwell, with manly frankness and

honourable feeling, had, in the most delicate manner, explained that he could never be more than a friend to her.

She awoke ill : a shivering fit was succeeded by the most violent head-ache : in a word, she had caught a severe cold ; the excitement—the early sortie—the misery of mind, all combined, threw her into a raging fever.

When she came to herself, after many days of darkness, she was lying in a small lodging-house, attended by the wife of a private soldier. She asked where she was ; but her attendant, who was a respectable and kind person, at first forbade her to talk ; until, finding her mind too anxious to rest unsatisfied, informed her that she had been removed from the house of Donna Lopez during her first attack of delirium, under the charge of a Spanish woman : and that Mr. Cromwell Doolan, having heard of her removal, had visited the lodging, dismissed the Spanish woman, and placed her there as her nurse.

On hearing this, Hamey's pale cheeks were overspread with a blush, and she lay thinking of her sad position. Her family dead—her persecutor near—her means of subsistence gone—no one to look to but a young officer—kind, most kind, it was true; but how unfit a protector!—and what would not be thought of his visits and his attentions! She was still so weak, that she could not think long at a time; and, in the midst of her reflections, she fell into a doze, which lasted till the evening. When that arrived, she was awakened by the voice of Cromwell, earnest in his inquiries with the nurse as to her state.

Unwilling to omit the opportunity of thanking her benefactor, Hamey tried to speak; but, seeing Cromwell's anxious and affectionate expression of face, she could not find utterance for her feelings: the words died away upon her lips, and she sobbed for many minutes; whilst Cromwell, was almost as much affected.

Begging her to be composed, and taking her almost transparent hand, which she made no effort to release, he told her that fear of infection had been the pretence set forth by her Spanish mistress for removing her from the house ; but he believed that, in reality, the husband of Donna Lopez had arrived from the Havannah, and did not wish that she should remain. But the case was quite the contrary, for Don Lopez had been much struck with Hamey's wonderful beauty, and had, unluckily, spoken of it in such unmeasured terms, that his wife had become suddenly jealous. Filagree, too ; his occupation was gone. He had fallen desperately in love with another Spanish lady, of superior attractions to Donna Lopez, who only required a fitting opportunity to get rid of Hamey. This occurred sooner than she expected ; for, the day after the cigar-merchant's return to the Rock, the poor girl was taken ill.

“But,” continued Cromwell, “let not miserable thoughts impede your recovery. Trust to me; I will arrange for you to return to England, should you wish it; and, meantime, I will act by you as if you were my sister.”

Youth, and a good constitution, were in her favour, and, in a few days, save an additional shade of paleness, Hamey was as well as usual. Cromwell’s visits did not cease. How could it be otherwise? Much he endured from his thoughtless messmates; many taunts, hard to be borne, from boon companions.

Could Hamey do otherwise than love him with all her soul, and feel that the loss of all was now made up?—Bright beyond all earthly moments are those in which affection dawns. Every evening, Cromwell would sit with her, upon a terrace, filled with orange-trees, which looked full upon the placid bay; whilst her nurse took that opportunity of arranging her little household concerns, and the friends were

left free from all restraint. Sometimes, they would talk : they were often silent ; hand in hand they sate, night after night, in that serene clime, where love lurks dangerously in the very air, and each succeeding night found them more unwilling to separate.

Morning after morning did Hamey resolve to speak to her kind friend, respecting her departure ; and, when evening came, her heart failed her. Cromwell it was who broke the ice. Suddenly rising, he exclaimed, abruptly, “ Hamey ! this will never do !—this must not be : I cannot go on thus : we must part.”

Hamey, who had turned very faint when he first addressed her, felt relieved now that he had spared her the misery of first entering on the subject. She knew that she could not remain with him legitimately ; and her fine sense of discrimination told her that their continued meetings were dangerous both to her peace of mind and honor, for, once having confessed her

attachment, their sense of duty was the only barrier between them. She had also learned, from her nurse, that their meetings had already been the theme of conversation, and that, sooner or later, O'Toole would turn this to his advantage.

Cromwell then proceeded to tell her that all was arranged for her departure ; that a berth was engaged on board a merchant-ship about to sail for England—that he had perfectly satisfied himself of the integrity of the captain, and that she would also have the services of a sergeant's wife who was going home in the same vessel. Hamey could only feel the deepest gratitude for his noble conduct ; noble, indeed, for Hamey, dearly as she loved Cromwell, loved as a young and innocent girl, and knew not the fierce war that passion waged in Cromwell's bosom, nor the strong temptation of retaining her near him. The remembrance of his oath to Crosbie assisted our hero's own sense of right ; and, in his eyes,

her very innocence and love were her safeguards.

We will not dwell on their parting. Three days after the interview above noted, she found herself on board, and Captain Cuddy was charged with a letter to Colonel Scabbart, to whom he was to take Hamey immediately on his arrival in London.

CHAPTER XII.

It has a strange, quick jar upon the ear,
That cocking of a pistol, when you know
A moment more will bring the sight to bear
Upon your person, twelve yards off or so ;
A gentlemanly distance, not too near ;—

* * * * *

DON JUAN.

WE must now apologize to the reader for allowing so much time to have elapsed before introducing him to so important a personage as Cromwell's dog, Carlo ; and we are the more in duty bound so to do, having already made honourable mention of the dog Fusbos, to the

total neglect of that of our hero. Dog Carlo was a pointer, a cross between the Russian and the English breeds, very high couraged, and possessed of great powers and strength. No dog could do more work than Carlo ; and, on one occasion, while with his original possessor, on the Wicklow mountains, a number of pointers and setters had all to be tied up, and the work was performed by Carlo alone. He was of a very unusual colour — a pale brick-dust, bordering on a red, and, what was the more extraordinary, his eyes, his claws, and everything about him were of the same shade. He had originally belonged to a poacher, in the wilds of the far West. O'Toole had remarked his wonderful strength ; a sovereign proved too great a temptation to the poacher, and he became O'Toole's property. Cruelly did he ill-treat the poor brute : he would kick him in the ribs, and even in the head, whenever he got into a passion. The poor animal would

only utter a moan, expressive of resignation to the tyranny of his master, and take refuge under his bed, where if his rage had not spent itself, he would flank at him with a long hunting whip—poor Carlo making himself *as small as possible*, under the furthest corner.

In spite of all this ill-treatment, Carlo was so faithful to his master, that he would not allow any stranger to enter his room; and, on one occasion, when his servant had been sent to the guard-room for some misconduct, and another man had entered for the purpose of sweeping out the apartment, the dog seized upon the brush, and would not allow him to use it until O'Toole came into the room and gave him, as a reward for his guardianship, a kick in the jaw, which prevented the poor animal from feeding for a week.

On O'Toole's embarking for Gibraltar, he left him to his fate in the barrack-yard. The dog rushed down after the detachment, and

was left howling on the beach ; where he was found, three days after, by our hero, who took him home. Carlo soon found how much he had gained by the exchange : nothing could exceed his attachment to Cromwell, and no money would have tempted our hero to part with him. Next to Hamey, he loved no one thing so much as his dog ; indeed, it was difficult to say which he loved best.

Carlo had an extraordinary manner of grinning, and showing his teeth ; at the same time wriggling his body about after the most absurd fashion ; and if our hero pretended to pity him, as if he had extracted a thorn from his foot, he would lie upon his back, and make noises, which meant to express that he was exceedingly sorry for himself.

There were dogs of all sorts belonging to the officers of Cromwell's regiment, and most of the men had them also, chiefly French poodles, which they taught all sorts of tricks, this description of

dog acquiring them very easily. Every man in the band had a large white poodle, and ingenuity had evidently been stretched to the utmost to shave them into the most varied and fantastic forms. Some were like miniature lions, and all had moustaches.

Dog Carlo was very aristocratic in his ideas, and never condescended to glance at a private soldier's dog: indeed, the men's poodles, apparently, knew their places perfectly, and carefully avoided going near an officer or his dog.

Having effected this important introduction of Carlo to the reader, we must now return to his master. Nothing could exceed Colonel Flint's hatred of Cromwell; he could not forgive the fact of his having regularly bearded him, by speaking out, in the manner he had done, in defence of Crosbie, and that in the presence of all the members of the general court-martial assembled for that poor fellow's trial. He burned to be revenged upon the "young dog,"

as he called him ; and, although he pretended not to have given the transaction a thought, there was something so obsequious in his altered manners to Cromwell, that it awakened his suspicions. He took the greatest care to do his duty in the strictest possible manner. The monster, therefore, although constantly on the look-out, could never catch him tripping, or find anything in his conduct to lay hold of. Accident, at last, gave him, as he thought, that opportunity which all his endeavours could not of themselves produce.

Cromwell was on the ragged staff-guard, and Colonel Flint happened to be the field officer of the day ; his duty being to visit the guards by day and night. On going his rounds by day, observing that our hero was on that particular guard, he at once conceived that the opportunity he had long awaited had at length arrived. H.M.S. Vengeance was lying in the bay, and the ward-room officers were on that day to

dine with his regiment. They would embark at night, from the steps, at the Ragged Staff Guard, where their boats were to await them. It was the custom for officers to visit their friends, occasionally, when on guard; most likely, therefore, some of the naval officers would be sure to find their way into Cromwell's guard-room, and the Colonel thought that, in all probability, they would leave the convivial mess at a late hour, and would not object to a glass of "cold-with-out" *en passant*. Something might turn up—some "row"—something might give him an opportunity of reporting Cromwell: he determined therefore not to turn his guard out until as late at night, or rather, as early the next morning, as he possibly could, and he got O'Toole to accompany him, by way of a witness.

It so happened that, had he arrived before one o'clock, he might have found several officers of the two services, not positively inebriated,

but exceedingly jolly, and rather more noisy than was quite correct ; but, unluckily for him, he arrived too late. The naval officers had departed—not drunk, in wheel-barrows, as Peter Simple saw them, but in their boats, and the military had found the way to their respective quarters long before the Colonel started to go his rounds. It was nearly two o'clock before the sentinel at the Ragged Staff guard-room challenged “ Who goes there ? ” and received the answer “ grand rounds.” The Colonel had ascertained, through O'Toole, who had just encountered one of the party on his way home, that Cromwell had had visitors, but that they had all departed, he himself being the last of them. Still, although the birds had flown, the Colonel fancied there was a chance that our hero himself might have imbibed more than was correct, and, accordingly, he suddenly presented himself before the guard-room, determined to examine him closely.

Unluckily, Cromwell, in his hurry to turn out, upset his candle, and extinguished it. He had left his sword, ready drawn, on the guard-room table; but, in the dark, he tumbled over a chair, and then began to grope about to find it; but this he could not do until the bugler came to his assistance, with a light. By this time, the guard had "fallen in," and the sergeant had to receive the grand rounds, and had presented arms to the Colonel, a duty which should have been performed by Cromwell, who now made his appearance, and was just going to state the above facts, when Colonel Flint interrupted him by roaring out to him to put his guard through the "manual and platoon" exercises.

It is the custom in the service, should there be any doubt as to whether a soldier is sober or not, to put him through some part of his exercise, which is called "proving him." If he can do that, and perform it steadily, he is fit for duty, and, therefore, not intoxicated. Colonel

Flint, however, hoped that our hero would fail in giving some one or more of the words of command, and that hence he would be able to report him. In the manual and platoon exercise, much stress is laid on giving the commands exactly in the order in which they follow in the book ; taking especial care to preserve the proper sequence. With his witness at his elbow, then, the Colonel stood, awaiting Cromwell's execution of his commands.

In the quietest possible manner, our hero proceeded to obey them. He put his guard through the manual exercise without making the slightest mistake ; one order followed the other, just as in the book. He then came to the platoon exercise, which is that part of the firelock exercise appertaining to firing. At Gibraltar, all the men on guard have their muskets loaded with ball ; and this Colonel Flint, in his anger, quite overlooked when he ordered our hero to put his guard through that exercise.

The first word of command in the platoon exercise is, "Ready!" the next, "Present!" the third, "Fire!" Every man's eye was directed along the barrel of his firelock, and every piece was loaded with ball cartridge. Cromwell, having given the two first, stopped, and, touching his cap to Colonel Flint, very coolly, but in the most respectful manner possible, demanded if he should give the word to "Fire?" The Colonel and his Adjutant were, at the moment, directly in front of the guard; the consequence, therefore, had our hero obeyed his command, would have been, that ten or a dozen bullets would have gone clean through the bodies of those two heroes. The Colonel saw how he was defeated, and, desiring Cromwell to "turn in" his guard, sneaked off, in the expressive phraseology of Young England, "sold."

As soon as Cromwell was relieved, he went to Filagree, and detailed to him the whole proceeding, explaining how he had been treated by the

Colonel. He was naturally exceedingly annoyed, and asked his friend's advice as to what steps he should take ;—whether he should bring the affair to a court-martial, or whether he should demand a Court of Inquiry.

But, from calling for either one or the other, or indeed, from taking any notice at all of the affair, Filagree had sufficient foresight to dissuade him. He maintained that the Colonel was well “sold,” and that that should be quite satisfaction enough for our hero, who could produce no evidence that he had done anything of *malice prepense* ; he had a perfect right, if he had any suspicions that the officer on guard was not sober, or that he was likely in any way to neglect his duty, to bring the offender to conviction. As soon as Cromwell's wrath had somewhat subsided, his own good sense convinced him that his friend's advice was correct, and on considering the case calmly, he saw how dangerous it was to bring charges against his

commanding officer, without having the clearest possible evidence to convict him.

Cromwell, moreover, had his suspicions that O'Toole was at the bottom of it, and that it was at his instigation that the Colonel had made the attempt to criminate him: he determined, on the first opportunity, to haul him over the coals. That opportunity was not long wanting; for, that very night, at mess, it was afforded.

O'Toole, who had drank too much wine began holding forth after dinner, and swaggering exceedingly about his *succès* with various fair ladies, and went so far as to name more than one woman who had been weak enough to trust her fair fame into such hands. Unfortunately, there are men to be found who will sometimes descant upon the subject of their loves at a mess-table, and there are even some who have the bad taste to mention the names of their fair enslavers. Cromwell, who was always the champion of the sex on these occasions, said

nothing for the moment although his blood boiled within him, but when the fellow proceeded to declare, and accompanied the declaration with an oath, that he had once seen Hamey Crosbie, (for of her he was speaking although Cromwell did not know it at first), enter our hero's room at Devonport, he could bear no more, and, jumping up, before every one present, exclaimed that he should account to him in another place, and left the room, adding, O'Toole was the greatest scoundrel on the face of the earth. Finding that he got no sympathy from any one present, O'Toole soon after left the room. All were, in fact, delighted that Cromwell had pulled him up : he was a bully and a coward ; on many occasions he had "pocketed" insults in presence of the whole mess ; he was universally detested, and now, they said that he must fight or leave the regiment.

The insult he had received from our hero

brought him to his senses in a moment : he knew that he must fight Cromwell, unless he could get the commanding officer to interfere and prevent the meeting ; so, off he went, at once, to Colonel Flint's quarters, and tried to enlist him on his side. This, however, the Colonel, bad as he was, would not do ; he was a brave man, and saw something so mean and dirty in O'Toole's appeal to him, that he at once declined interfering in the affair, unless O'Toole reported it to him officially, as his commanding officer.

Finding that Colonel Flint would not help him out of the scrape, there was nothing left for him but to call our hero out ; and he went off to the only friend he had on the Rock, an assistant surgeon. Mr. Splint was a most obnoxious person ; had been himself a principal on one occasion of the sort, and had performed the post of second several times, besides having repeatedly acted *professionally*. He was quite

au fait in every thing relating to duelling, a practice in his time much more in vogue than at present. Nothing gave Dr. Splint greater pleasure than an affair of this kind; he cared little in what capacity he was required : so long as he *was* concerned, to him it was a matter of perfect indifference whether he was to be principal, second, or medical man : he was a scion of the O'Trigger school.

Accordingly, when O'Toole, pale as ashes, presented himself before Splint and stated his case, in such a way as he thought might give him a chance of gaining over the medico to arrange the affair amicably, he was cut short in a moment by Splint's shaking him by the hand, and declaring that he " should be delighted to be his second ; that the case was a perfectly clear one,—there was no alternative for him but to fight Mr. Doolan ;" desiring him to make himself perfectly easy, for he would call upon Mr. Doolan directly, arrange the meeting for

the following morning, with his second ; that there would be no occasion for any other medical man to attend, for he could perfectly perform both duties himself. In affairs of that kind, he observed, the fewer persons cognizant of them the better ; and, once more shaking O'Toole by the hand, he took his departure, telling him to cheer up, and that he would be at his quarters as soon as he had made all the arrangements.

O'Toole then slunk off to his room, to wait, in a state of paralysing agony, the effect of his second's visit to our hero.

Cromwell was consulting with Filagree, as to whether he thought O'Toole intended to resent the insult he had put upon him or not : his patience was nearly exhausted, and he was in the act of reaching down a horse-whip, when a knock was heard at his door, and Dr. Splint entered, and announced himself by name. Our hero did not know him personally, but he knew

the man by reputation, and at once divining the object of his visit, introduced him to Filagree, as his " friend," and left the room.

All being arranged, Splint took his leave of Filagree, and repaired to O'Toole's quarters, where he found the Adjutant more dead than alive ; but, putting it down to the score of nervousness or want of practice in such matters, he took very little notice of his dejection, and told him that all was arranged : they were, he said, to be at the bay-side barrier, by gun-fire the following morning, and he would have his own pistols, a famous pair, made by Joe Manton ; and he must keep himself perfectly cool, for he might depend upon his placing him in such a line that he could not fail to hit Doolan the very first shot. He then went on to say that nothing could be more gentleman-like than Mr. Filagree's reception of him ; that he regretted he knew so little of the laws of duelling, or the duty of a second, but said that

all this had to be learned, like any other trade ; adding that, " Rome was not built in a day." Again shaking hands, the doctor cautioned his principal to be sure to be in time, adding, that he would find " coffee and pistols for two" at his room, half an hour before gun-fire.

Filagree, on finding that O'Toole, contrary to all expectations, intended fight, set to work to second his friend in earnest ; but, so ignorant was our Muffin of what it was necessary for him to do in the affair, that he thought, to be on the safe side, he ought to be well prepared with ammunition. Splint had told him that he would have his own pistols for the parties to fight with, and that he might depend on his having them in perfect order ; but, at the same time, he had observed that, " in case of accident" it was usual for both the seconds to be provided with a case of pistols : accordingly, the Muffin had borrowed one from the regimental armorer. The powder-flask was more than

half full of powder, but not thinking that sufficient, "in case of accident," he took also, Cromwell's, which was nearly full, and contained nearly half a pound. He then desired his servant to run two pounds of lead into bullets—fixed a couple of fresh flints in the pistols, and, to make doubly sure, took half-a-dozen spare ones in a flint-case. Such were the ideas held as to the quantity of ammunition requisite for the occasion, by the man into whose hands our hero had committed himself. Had he been going out to a wild-boar chase he could not have made greater preparations.

O'Toole passed "the coward's night," walking about his room, occasionally throwing himself upon his bed, jumping up again—dozing off for a few seconds at a time, during which he was haunted by the most horrible dreams. How often are the events of hours, nay days, weeks and months, comprised in a

dream of as many moments ! Chasms, filled with blades of knives, and iron spikes, amongst which snakes, alligators, and all manner of reptiles, writhed : over these he was suspended in a basket, and Sergeant Higgins stood ready to cut the rope ; he saw the strands of the cord cut one by one ; hung by a thread—*that* was cut, and, with a shout of exultation from Higgins, as the basket fell at the rate of a thousand miles an hour—he awoke.

Again, he was in a saw-pit, and stood up opposite to Crosbie, who was loading a blunderbus, and he saw the balls meant for his destruction put in, one by one, until the bell-mouthed barrel of the piece became full to the very muzzle ; the dream suddenly changed, and he found himself in a dark cellar, pursued by Crosbie, who was cutting at him with an axe. At first he managed to hide himself behind the huge barrels and casks in the different compartments of the cellars, but these would be shivered

in an instant. Every stroke which the infuriated Crosbie made at them, his chance of escape became momentarily less and less. Driven from cask to cask, he had reached the furthest corner of the cellar ; with a tremendous crash, the last hogshead was splintered to atoms ; Crosbie, with eyes from which fire appeared to flash, and with uplifted arms, held the axe over him ; it gleamed above his head,—it was just going to descend. He started to his feet :—the hand of Splint was on his shoulder ; he awoke, in a cold sweat ; his second had come to drag him forth, on the errand of death ; it was too late even for coffee. Splint had waited some time, but, finding that he did not appear, he was obliged to go in search.

Our hero passed the night in quite a different manner. He calmly sate down to collect his thoughts. Those thoughts, we need not inform the reader, were almost wholly directed to

Hamey. He trusted to the exertions of good Colonel Scabbart, to whom he had sent instructions to get her a situation as governess, or *dame de compagnie*, in some respectable family. He wrote long letters to both the General and Hamey, and sealed them. His income was but small, but his allowance had just been paid into his agent's hands; he was scarcely a shilling in debt—what little he did owe, the sale of his effects would liquidate; the whole of the hundred and fifty pounds he left to Hamey; his watch, his dog, pony, and gun, he left to Filagree.

Dog Carlo had met with a sad shaking in the morning, from the Sergeant-Major's dog—a huge skew-bald poodle, with wall eyes and large moustaches, and was smarting from the effects of the defeat; intuitively he knew that all was not right. Carlo would not touch the food prepared for him, but crouched at his master's feet, looked up in his face, and whined. These

marks of affection in the poor brute nearly brought the tears into our hero's eyes ; he tried to cheer him up, but without effect ; the dog left his food untouched, in the corner of the room.

As soon as Cromwell had completed the disposal of his "little all," he turned into bed, and in five minutes was fast asleep. Once only did he awake—it was his dog, Carlo, that was the cause. He had always slept upon the rug ; Cromwell never allowed him to get upon his bed, but on this night he had crept up, and nestled himself close to his master's pillow : a whine which escaped the poor brute awoke him. Finding that it was only Carlo, and that the time for rising had not come, he took the dog into his arms, and was fast asleep in a moment. After a few hours of most refreshing sleep, he got up, dressed himself, and lighted the spirit-lamp under his coffee-pot, which was boiling by the time that Fila-

gree made his appearance. That worthy came in, dressed in a velveteen shooting-jacket, the butt of a horse-pistol projecting from either of the pockets of the skirts, and all the remaining ones crammed brim-full of ammunition. Cromwell could not help smiling as he surveyed his "friend," and quietly asked him if he was going to a boar-hunt? He then told him how he had disposed of his effects, gave him the letters for Hamey and Colonel Scabbart, and received his promise to fulfil faithfully all his requests if necessary. Then, turning the key in the door, they proceeded to the rendezvous agreed upon by the seconds.

On arriving at the ground, they had to wait some time; there was no appearance of the other parties, and our hero began to have his doubts as to whether they would come. His friend did not agree with him; he was quite convinced that the blood-thirsty dog, as he

termed Splint, would not let the Adjutant escape, even were he obliged to administer a dozen drams of brandy to bring his courage to the "sticking-point." Such, in reality, had been the case; and, just as Filagree had done speaking, they descried the pair coming towards them—Mr. Splint having fast hold of O'Toole, who, either from fright or the effects of the brandy, could scarcely support himself.

Splint then proceeded to make a mark in the sand with his walking-stick, and, taking that as a point to start from, commenced stepping the regular number of paces. At the completion of the twelfth pace, he made another mark. O'Toole, who was all the time building on the hope that the distance might be of such a length as to give him some security, was struck with horror when he saw its shortness.

Splint had stepped his twelve paces, of twenty-one inches each, with such precision, that no doubt was left upon the minds of the beholders as to his proficiency in his favourite art. Nothing could be more miserable and wretched to behold, than the tottering picture that O'Toole presented when left to himself, and during the time his second was measuring the ground: all hope had fled; the brandy, which, for the time, had propped him up, in an instant lost its effect; his eye became fixed, and fear, of the most abject kind, laid hold upon him. He stood like one bereft of all sense.

Splint placed his man most carefully, with his back to the sea, and with a post in a direct line behind his adversary, so that he might have the advantage of bringing Cromwell and the post in one line, whereby his aim would be facilitated, and he himself, having the sea behind him, would have every circumstance in his favour.

Thus, from the inexperience of Filagree (and, indeed, of Cromwell, who, although a first-rate shot, had, strange to say, never fired off a pistol in his life), Splint placed his man in the most advantageous manner ; but all was lost upon O'Toole.

Splint then gave the choice of the pistols to Filagree—who selected one, and placed it in our hero's hands ; the other he gave to the Adjutant, having first set the hair-trigger. No sooner had O'Toole received the weapon, than his agitation became so intolerable, that the pistol went off in his hand, and was very near to lodging its contents in the body of his second. Some delay occurred before the pistol could be reloaded, and O'Toole again propped up. At length, all being once more *en train*, and the pocket-handkerchief—the signal agreed upon—dropped, O'Toole's pistol again went off in his hand, the ball striking within three yards of him : that from our hero's weapon passed through the hat of

the Adjutant—who, on feeling that he had been hit somewhere, clapped both hands to his ears, roared out that he was “kilt,” and ran clean off the ground. Instantly, Splint rushed at the pistol which O’Toole had let fall in his flight, and hurled it after the fugitive with all the force he could muster, amidst shouts of laughter from Cromwell and Filagree. Volleys of oaths and execrations followed, when Splint came to himself, and some idea of his wrath may be formed, when it is taken into consideration that it was one of his favourite fifty-guinea Joe Manton pistols that he had let fly after the coward.

The next day a mess-meeting was called, and the option given to O’Toole to leave the regiment quietly, in consequence of his cowardly conduct, or to stand a Court-martial. He preferred the former to being cashiered, and left for England at once, by the mail packet—regretted by not

one person in the whole regiment. His departure, indeed, was looked upon as the greatest possible God-send by the poor men over whom he had tyrannized.

CHAPTER XIII.

From Gibraltar's rocky steep
Dashing o'er the foaming deep,
On sultry Afric's fruitful shore
We'd rest at length, our journey o'er.

SCARCELY had the packet in which O'Toole had taken his passage for England disappeared, before the other made its appearance in the bay, and, to the great joy of all, brought out Colonel Bassoon. A brevet had taken place; Colonel Flint was promoted to the rank of Major-General; Major and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Bassoon succeeded to the command of the regiment, and our hero became a Lieutenant.

One of the very first acts of the new Lieut.-Colonel was to appoint Cromwell as his Adjutant ; a change of which all parties immediately felt the good effects. The duty went on smoothly under Colonel Bassoon's mild but strictly military *régime*, and the regiment soon returned to its former admirable system of discipline. Corporal punishment was rarely resorted to, and drunkenness, which had spread to a fearful extent, almost entirely disappeared.

About this time an order came out for the substitution of a new system for preserving the records of the service of both men and officers. The date of enlistment, ages, promotions, reductions, forfeiture of service for misconduct, &c. &c. were to be regularly entered ; an admirable system, and one which has proved most beneficial. Nothing of the sort had previously existed, so that it gave our hero an infinity of trouble to discover from the old muster-rolls —many of which had been lost or defaced, and

by the examination of the soldiers themselves, in what number of actions, sieges, or storming-parties they had been engaged: but this was not without its advantages, for Cromwell thus became intimately acquainted with the character and services of every man in the regiment.

The same post brought what was of more interest to our hero than even—the greatest source of pleasure to the young officer—the news of his having obtained his first step of promotion; namely, a letter from Colonel Scabbart. Instantly, on receiving it, he rushed off to his room, locked his door, and dived into its contents.

The letter, in all probability, brought news of Hamey; the first tidings of her since she had left Gibraltar. Cromwell had not even yet heard if the vessel had arrived, or whether she who was so dear to him had reached her destination in safety. A sort of nervous delight—of hope, of fear, convulsed his frame as he tore open the

seal ; even Carlo—who was invariably received with caresses by his master every time he entered his room, rushing forward to whine and lick his hands, for the first time met with a rebuff, and slunk under the sofa.

The first two pages were entirely taken up by the old Colonel's opinions on Congreve rockets, Shrapnel shells, and a long description of a newly-invented engine, an account of which had appeared in the papers, accompanied by all the abuse the press could heap upon the Government, for not immediately advancing to the inventor, a Captain Blast, some thousands of pounds.

“Old fool !—twaddler !—bore !”—burst forth at the end of every ten lines, in indistinct mutterings ; for Cromwell's patience was severely put to the test : at length he came to the last page. At the words “Your pretty protégée, Miss Crosbie, came safely to her old consignee,” his face suddenly lit up. Carlo, who knew his

master well, and was nearly as cunning as a human being, poked his nose from under the sofa, and gave one or two hard thumps upon the floor with his short stumpy tail: not finding that he was again "snubbed," he quietly lifted up the sofa-cover, and gradually worked his neck and shoulders out, whilst Cromwell went on reading, as fast as his eyes could travel over Scabbart's provokingly cramped and almost illegible writing.

"I can't say much for your taste in letting her leave the Rock. When I was a young man I knew how to appreciate a pretty girl: I tell you, Crommy, they had no objection, either, and Jack Scabbart was pretty well known to most of them. I have known many a pretty woman in my day; but I must say I never saw any one so handsome as the young lady you have banished. I cannot make it out, but I will do what you desire, that you may depend upon: you will not find confidence misplaced in Jack

Scabbart. Egad ! she's very handsome. I took her out to walk with me one day, in the Park ; you cannot conceive how every one admired her ! I felt quite proud of my charge ; I felt twenty years younger. Many old acquaintances, whom I had not seen for years, came up to take a turn with me. I cannot describe the respect they paid me : in all probability, they had read my 'Essay on Cross-belts.' ”

“ Confound him ! ” muttered Cromwell ; and dog Carlo's tail ceased to batter the floor.

“ Egad ! I felt twenty years younger, and I'm not so old either, Crommy. I felt quite as proud as when his Royal Highness the Duke of Kent ” (“ Old bore,” growled out Cromwell, while Carlo retired under the sofa, his muzzle alone peering from under the vallance) — “ sent to me, by his Aide-de-Camp, to say that I had his full permission to dedicate to him the sequel to my 'Essay on Cross-belts,' which was to

be called ‘The Evils of the present system of using Breastplates in the British Army.’ It was a great honour.”

We are sorry to be obliged to confess that this announcement only induced our hero to forget his respect for the old Colonel, and the words “Confounded old fool !” were actually applied to his relative. Dog Carlo’s muzzle then entirely disappeared under the sofa :—

“A great mark of Royal courtesy. But the little minx did not like her walk, or something went wrong, for, all of a sudden, I felt her seize tight hold of my arm ;—nervousness, perhaps, never having been in such a crowd before ; she shook all over, violently ; complained of a bad head-ache, and begged that I would take her home. I did so, and have never been able to get her out again.”

These words concluded the side of the sheet of paper, and had been written a couple

of days before the closing of the mail for the East. The next page began :

“ Since writing the above, I have met a very old friend of mine, Sir John Vaughan, an old brother officer, who was knighted for the invention of the spring which is attached to the bayonets of light-infantry muskets, and which, but for the miserable niggardliness of the Government, ought to have been furnished to all regiments. What can be more cruel, for the difference of a few pounds, to debar the soldier of the line, because he is brave, from the same security and defence? It is notorious that a good swordsman might wrench the bayonet which has no spring, from off the fire-lock. I am one of those who always have maintained that the infantry soldier is quite a match for a horseman, in single combat ; and what has he to depend upon, after he has discharged his piece, unless it be his bayonet? Witness the

gallant defence made by two soldiers of the light division at the Bridge of Beneventura, (mentioned in the first volume of the ‘Peninsular Wars,’) when attacked by a party of French dragoons.”*

* “On the night of the 26th, the chasseurs of the Imperial Guard rode close up to the Bridge of Castro Gonzalo, and captured some women and baggage.

“The following remarkable instance of courage and discipline deserves to be recorded. John Waltow, a native of the south of Ireland, and Richard Jackson, an Englishman, were posted in a hollow road on the plain beyond the bridge, and at a distance from their picquet. If the enemy approached, one was to fire, run back to the brow of the hill, and give notice if there were many or few; the other was to maintain his ground. A party of cavalry, following a hay-cart, stole up close to these men, and suddenly galloped in, with a view to kill them, and surprise the post. Jackson fired, but was overtaken, and received twelve or fourteen severe wounds in an instant; he came staggering on, notwithstanding his mangled state, and gave the signal. Waltow, with equal resolution, and more fortune, defended himself with his bayonet, and wounded several of the assailants,

“I repeat, it is the duty of a government to place the very best of weapons in the hands of our brave fellows. All powers, save ours, furnish their soldiers with the best muskets they can procure in their own countries, and many, much better than those issued to our own troops, made in our own great armory, at Birmingham, are purchased by them. Economy in this respect is a disgrace to so great a nation, which can produce the best of fire-arms. It is the same with the swords of our Dragoons, and it is only of late years that anything approaching to a long and effective weapon has been given to them.”

who retreated, leaving him unhurt; but his cap, his knapsack, his belts, and his musket were cut in above twenty places, and his bayonet was bent double, his musket covered with blood, and notched like a saw, from the muzzle to the lock. Jackson escaped death during the retreat, and recovered of his wounds.”—*Napier's Peninsular War*, Vol. I. p. 466.

Although our hero fully concurred in the justness of old Scabbart's remarks upon the wretched and short-sighted economy thus reprobated, his thoughts being, at the moment, otherwise occupied, a palpable and extremely disrespectful anathema, directed against the Colonel, was on the tip of his tongue, but he was saved the sin of giving utterance to it; for, on casting his eyes over the next line, his features relaxed—and Carlo's nose once more appeared:

“Well, Sir John called upon me—he's a capital fellow—he liked young Hamey so much that he has engaged her to look after his daughter, who is an exceedingly nice girl. He lost his wife a few years ago, and was very much cut up by it: a more kind-hearted man never breathed, and I am sure Miss Crosbie will be most comfortable. She leaves me this very evening, as the General has been appointed to the northern district, and goes off to-morrow to take his new command.

Mind and read my 'Essay on Cross-belts.' I send a copy for my old friend Bassoon—a fine old soldier—Bassoon always was so—great favourite amongst the men. I hope the corps will come home soon; their time must be nearly out—Bassoon told me he intended to make you his Adjutant: it is a great step for a young officer; I hope you will do your duty—I'm sure you will—I've explained the duty in my pamphlet called 'Hints for Adjutants,'—you may get many a wrinkle there; you will find it in the Garrison Library. Good bye, my fine fellow; present my compliments to your Colonel.

“P.S.—I have just submitted my new plan of a knapsack to the board, and am in great hopes it will be generally adopted in the army. Have also furnished a list of necessaries—those only *absolutely* requisite for the comfort of the soldier: if they will only adhere to it, he will get rid of at least four pounds of useless weight

—pipe-clay, heel-balls, and rubbish. Nothing can be so absurd as to load the poor devils as they are loaded now, like jackasses. Sixty-two pounds they carry, when in complete marching order. It is really monstrous !”

During the perusal of the latter part of the letter, dog Carlo had made as many sorties, and retrograde movements,—as we are sorry to be obliged to relate, our Cromwell made rash and unrepeatable exclamations: at last, he saw his master lay down the paper, go to the further end of his room, where stood a table on which lay a dark green morocco leather box, closed by one of Mr. Bramah’s locks—take his watch from the breast-pocket of his undress coat, and apply a small gold key to that lock. He then saw him open a well-known satin pocket-book, from whence he took a peculiarly-folded piece of paper, which, when opened, disclosed a long tress of the softest dark brown hair, tied at one end with a piece of blue

ribbon, (a souvenir of which Cromwell had possessed himself when taking leave of Hamey that moonlight night before her departure from Gibraltar)—and, as he saw him turn it over and over and give it a kiss, like a shot Carlo jumped quite upon him, placed his fore-legs upon his shoulders, and had the impertinence to try to lick his face: and he was not repulsed.

Cromwell was delighted with the promptitude of old Scabbart, in so soon finding an asylum for Hamey. Flattering himself that she had found kind friends in Sir John Vaughan and his daughter he felt a heavy weight taken from his mind; and having brought, by this time, his task of the registration of the men's records to an end, he found the time pass pleasantly enough at Gibraltar. At the end of the year, the regiment expected to be ordered home to England.

Before he left the Rock, Cromwell obtained

leave to go to Africa for three weeks, to pursue his favourite amusement of shooting. Filagree, and another officer, agreed to accompany him, and Tangier was the place selected as head-quarters. The red-legged partridge abounds in its vicinity : in its native country it is exceedingly strong on the wing, and affords capital shooting when found amongst the straggling palmetto and gum cistus. Snipes, and water-fowl, also, are very numerous, and there is always afforded to sportsmen the chance of getting a stray shot at a wolf or a wild boar.

Some discussion arose as to whether Tangier, or Tetuan—lower down upon the coast, should be selected as their head-quarters, and it was Filagree's vote that decided for the former, but it could not be said to be entirely impartial, or given with reference to the question "which of the two was preferable for shooting" only. Tangier was much the largest of the towns ; the consuls of the different

nations lived there, and Filagree had quietly ascertained from old Muley Hassan—who sold otto of roses, embroidered leather cushions, and broad-brimmed palmetto hats, to the officers of the garrison at Gibraltar, that numbers of beautiful Jewesses were to be found there ; and this communication, coupled with a promise from Muley himself that he would introduce him to his wives, not a little biassed his vote.

The under-brush, or “cover,” along the northern coast of Africa is composed of myrtle, arbutus, and palmetto, interspersed with a dwarf kind of acacia, which has long and exceedingly strong thorns ; so much so, that all who repair thither for shooting provide themselves with untanned leather nether garments, the only things which will turn them ; and these all the party had procured, with the exception of our Muffin. Nothing was further from his thoughts than to peril any part of his fine proportions amongst the thorns of the African jungles :

killing red-legged partridges was not the least in his line : he aimed at another kind of game ; the black-eyed houris of the harem were to be slaughtered in hundreds.

Filagree's costume was as follows : his body was encased in a double-breasted, bright emerald green, plush velvet coat, cut in that form vulgarly known as a 'duck-hunter;' the said duck-hunter being studded over with huge brass buttons, upon each and every one of which were represented, in basso-relievo, some sporting device,—a covey of partridges—a pack of grouse—a hare on her form—a setter, with one leg off the ground and his tail straight out, looking upon a pheasant under a crowd of turnip-leaves, &c. &c. &c. This he wore buttoned up to the throat. Across one shoulder was slung his shot-bag, (one of the old kind, intended to hold two sizes of shot), over the other a green worsted cord, to which his powder-flask was attached, and from which depended two exceedingly fine worsted tassels.

He was clad in a pair of thin, white moleskin trowsers, which fitted tight to the leg, much in the manner delineated by Seymour, in his "Sketches of Cockney Sportsmen," where he represents Mr. Filkins and his friend returning from shooting, in a snow-storm, and passing under a sign-board which directs them to Battersea, a pocket-handkerchief bound round the head of the former, which has evidently received several grains of shot from his friend's piece. Filagree's moleskins also, terminated, like those of Mr. Filkins, with sundry buttons, as they approached the feet, where they merged into the form of gaiters.

Dog Furzebush accompanied his master on this expedition; not that he was likely to be of use in shooting, but he might come to his aid, as he had done on many former occasions: his extraordinary appearance, and the tricks he could play, might have a wonderful effect upon the Moorish ladies.

A felucca was hired, and, after a delightful sail through the beautiful strait of Gibraltar, the party arrived at Tangier, and, after some little delay from the custom-house authorities, were allowed to land, and took up their quarters at a sort of inn. It is impossible for any Giaour to leave Tangier, or any city in the Emperor's dominions, unprotected by a soldier; which soldier is mounted, and paid one dollar per day, the greater part of which, in all probability, goes into the pocket of some one in power—certainly not into that of the poor devil, who is answerable with his head for the safety of the party.

During the first day's shooting, Filagree accompanied the others; but a ride of some thirteen miles upon a miserable mule, and on a Moorish saddle—to say nothing of the dire and awful effect of the thorns on his moleskin trowsers, (which, after that day, could never

again be looked upon as any protection, being torn into fragments), prevented him from hazarding a repetition of the achievement: he had no mind to follow the chase again, but allowed the others to depart, and went in search of his friend, Muley Hassan, having "got himself up" for the expected introduction to his wives.

Proceeding up the long, narrow main street of Tangier, Filagree cast his eyes from right to left into all the small bazaars or shops, in which the merchants sit to await their passing customers. At length, he espied Muley thus seated, and smoking a long pipe, with a cherry-stick tube. Our Muffin instantly called to him, by name ; but, to his surprise, Muley took no notice, regarding him with a fixed stare—a steady gaze, which expressed no less than—"Who are you?—I have never seen you before." But Filagree was not to be thus *done* ; he called out to

Muley again, at the same time confronting him, just as he would have done at Gibraltar, and put him in mind of his promise—Muley, all the time, preserving, with the greatest gravity, the most inflexible silence: the clouds of smoke which he puffed from his mouth alone indicated that he existed. The Muffin-worrier soon lost his patience, and, after applying a few epithets—not actual blessings—which we think it better not to repeat, to the old Moor, at length walked off, very much disgusted, and muttering something about the tossing he should have in a blanket, the very next time he visited the casemated barracks at Water-port.

But Muley, who was sufficiently cringing and obsequious in his manners when selling Palmetto hats and cushions to the officers, and under our flag, was a very great man in his own country—one of the greatest of the Tangier merchants, and cut our Muffin dead. Very much aston-

ished, Filagree mentioned the circumstance to the Consul, after dinner that day ; and, in return, was strongly recommended on no account to look after Moorish ladies ; for that, if he did, no power of H. B. M. Consul would prevent his getting a severe bastinadoing. Filagree took the hint—made some excuse to the party for suddenly leaving them, and embarked for Gibraltar next day in the packet-boat, without having once laid eyes upon a Moorish beauty. It may readily be supposed that the story was not lost to his messmates.

After having killed multitudes of partridges, ducks, snipes, quail, and plovers, our hero was suddenly summoned back to Gibraltar. On nearing the Rock, a signal was flying for a man-of-war ; soon after, a seventy-four gun ship came to her moorings in the bay, and, by two o'clock, the whole regiment, men, women, and children, with the baggage, were

embarked, and the anchor was weighed. After a very boisterous passage, all were safely landed at Portsmouth; so,

“ Farewell and adieu to ye Spanish ladies,
Farewell and adieu to ye ladies of Spain,
For we’ve received orders to sail for Old England,
And shortly we hope for to see you again.”

END OF VOL. I.

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